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THE
FAVOURITE.

VOL. I.

THE

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THE

MORAL TALE

FAVORITE

ALREADY OF QUALITY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

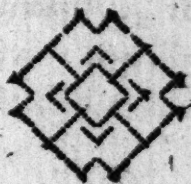
Edmund

THE
FAVOURITE.
A
MORAL TALE.

WRITTEN BY
A LADY OF QUALITY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON,
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P R E F A C E,

By the EDITOR.

WHETHER the Father of his people ought to have a favourite, or not; is a question which—I shall not discuss here; because the little work which occasioned this preface, is of a moral, and not of a political nature. Parental, not royal favouritism, is the hinge on which it turns; and, therefore, the agitation of such a question, in this place, would be altogether unnecessary, to say nothing of the difficulties with which it would be attended.

I may venture to say, I hope, without being deemed guilty of presumption, that the partial behaviour of parents to their children, is productive of innumerable evils, and of the blackest complexion.

It is, perhaps, impossible, for those who have children to feel an equality of affection for them; they will, insensibly, prefer one child, for something, to another: but they

ii P R E F A C E.

will certainly act with imprudence, if they do not conceal their predilections; too often by their glaring distinctions, they give birth to animosities, which can never be extirpated: when brother is favoured against brother, and sister against sister, their mutual resentments, commonly produce unhappy—sometimes fatal consequences.

These reflections are, I am very sensible, not new ones: writers without number have written pretty much in the same manner; but such reflections, till the ends for which they are published are fully answered, cannot, I apprehend, be too frequently repeated. While parents continue to behave to their children with an injudicious partiality, they stand in need of correction; and the corrector of such parents, in conversation or in print, is laudably employed, if he points out the mischiefs which generally arise from parental FAVOURITISM.

How few are the families, in which one does not see a father or a mother, and now and then both, revolting against discretion, in their respective departments?—How many

P R E F A C E. iii

opportunities, therefore, has the observing moralist, to enforce his animadversions on the subject which gave rise to this preface, by characters drawn from the life. He is not under a necessity of swelling his sheets with fictitious personages; real ones are perpetually offering themselves to his sight: and he has nothing to do but to make a faithful description with his pen, of what has been exhibited to his eyes. — And if he does not faithfully describe what he has seen, oculo critico, he cannot expect to find his moralities regarded by the people for whose instruction he committed them to paper.

The above mentioned partiality is not confined to persons in any rank, in any station. Those who move in the highest, and the lowest spheres, and those who are placed in the middle walks of life, are equally guilty of it; all of them, consequently, are interested in the strictures which have been drawn from me, by the perusal of the following sheets: how these sheets fell into my hands, is of no importance to the public; but if any parents who are censurable for their partiality, are more convinced

vinced of the impropriety of their conduct, after having read them, I shall not have sent them to the press in vain.

It were an easy matter to fortify the above observations, by making extracts from the pages of several authors who have treated, directly, or occasionally, of parental partiality; but I hope that those observations will be able, like substantives, to stand by themselves, and want no supplements to strengthen them—I dare not, indeed, flatter myself that they will have the wished-for weight; but as so many authors of the first class in the literary world, have written unsuccessfully upon the same subject, my disappointment will be the less severe.

T H E

THE
FAVOURITE.

THE sudden cry of "Help! help!" in a female voice, alarmed Sir James Grey, of W——shire, while he was walking in that part of his garden which which was bounded by a wood, accompanied by his youngest daughter Eudofia. Sir James was a man of humanity and spirit; but the latter was seldom exerted in the presence of his lady, who had, from their first connexions with each other, gained so absolute an ascendant over him, that he frequently declined interfering,

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2 THE FAVOURITE.

terfering, not only when his advice, but even when his authority was necessary.—As lady Grey was absent at this time, and could not lay any restraint upon his actions, he hastened through a little door, towards the place from whence the distressful sounds, according to *his* hearing, proceeded. He found two young men, who called themselves gentlemen; one of them eagerly kissing a very fine girl, whom a lady, apparently her mother, was endeavouring to rescue from so rude an attack, while his companion stood laughing at a distance.

As soon as Sir James made his appearance, the young fellow who was disengaged called out, "Come away, Spencer; for shame!" but Mr. Spencer paying no regard to his friend's exclamation, Sir James advanced, and desired him to let the lady go immediately.

"And who are you, Sir," replied he, somewhat roughly, "to pretend to interpose between me and my pleasure?"

THE FAVOURITE. 3

“ One who will tell you,” answered Sir James, with much dignity, “ that an action which is offensive to another, particularly to a lady, cannot, with any propriety, be called a pleasurable one.—We are born to protect the fair-sex; not to behave in such a manner as to affront their delicacy.”

Spencer was going to make a reply which would not have given Sir James an advantageous idea of his politeness, when his companion, being a neighbour, and not unknown to the baronet, came up.—Having said something in a low voice to his friend, he began to frame an apology for him.—Spencer, pushing Darnly aside, said, “ Look on *that* face; it will surely plead sufficiently for me.”

“ I think not;” replied Sir James:—“ Beauty should excite respect, and not be treated with so much unbecoming familiarity.”

The young lady had, by this time, a little recovered herself: while she was adjusting her handkerchief, which had been

4 THE FAVOURITE.

tumbled in the struggle, her mother paid her acknowledgments to Sir James for his seasonable interruption, looking, every now and then, at the young gentlemen with a frightened countenance.—Sir James, perceiving her uneasiness, asked her to oblige him by taking a turn in his garden.

Mrs. Cranmer, that was the lady's name, politely accepted of his offer, but in a manner which plainly shewed, that the acceptance of it was entirely occasioned by her desire to get rid of the two young fellows.

Sir James then conducted the lady and her daughter to the garden door, near which Eudofia had staid, not without some alarming apprehensions on her father's account. The joy which she felt on seeing him safe was not a little heightened by the sight of the young lady who accompanied him. — Hebe Cranmer was indeed one of the most lovely figures that could be exhibited: she was exactly, for youth and blooming beauty, fit to represent the goddess

Jess whose name she bore : her complexion
 was brilliant with health, and her figure
 was striking : her features were genteel and
 happily disposed : her air was attractive,
 her step in the highest degree graceful :
 her voice musical, and her eyes bewitching,
 especially when her auburn locks waved
 wantonly over her sweetly-dimpled cheeks :
 few of her sex, in short, were more capti-
 vating : yet there was nothing in her dress,
 but the extreme neatness and elegance of it,
 which could distinguish her from a person
 in a very middling station.—Mrs. Cran-
 mer's appearance was also exceeding plain :
 her carriage, however, sufficiently declared
 that she had been politely educated, and
 the remains of a fine woman were conspi-
 cuous in her person : sickness or sorrow
 had, visibly, very much injured her fea-
 tures and complexion.

When Mrs. Cranmer had renewed her
 acknowledgments to Sir James for his great
 civility, she informed him, that she had

6 THE FAVOURITE.

availed herself of his garden in order to be safe from those young men; adding, "They are, I find, not unknown to you, Sir?"

"I know nothing at all of *him* who behaved so rudely to this young lady, madam. The other is Mr. Darnly, lord Haverford's son, whose estate is about three miles from hence; but, as my lord has not been there much till very lately, I have only met Mr. Darnly at the county assembly;—and I hope *his* behaviour has not deserved censure so much as his companion's?"

"He no otherwise offended, than by not endeavouring to hinder his companion from insulting my daughter, Sir. — My little cottage is about a mile off: we were tempted by the beauty of the evening to walk farther than usual: the two young men whom we met, stopped, and put my daughter out of countenance. — Mr. Spencer attacked her in the manner you saw; and I shall ever think myself greatly oblig-

ed

ed to you for coming to our assistance, and inviting us into your garden: I hope we shall never see them again."

"I am exceedingly glad, madam," said Sir James, "that I have been of any service to you; but you must not expect to be long concealed with so lovely a daughter."

"Hebe is very good, Sir; she has nothing but her goodness to boast of; *that*, however, will make me very desirous of preserving her from insults."

Miss Cranmer, during this short conversation, had quite recovered her spirits, and looked a thousand thanks to Sir James for his timely interposition, tho' she said little except to Eudofia, who, being as much pleased with her as her father was, eagerly courted her acquaintance.

Miss Cranmer received all Eudofia's overtures of friendship with the most obliging sweetness, but referred every thing to her mother, who had ever been, she said, extremely indulgent to her, and knew so

8 THE FAVOURITE.

much better than herself what was fit for her.

Sir James, as Mrs. Cranmer had seemed to wish to get home without being followed by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Darnly, intreated her to accompany him to his family, who were in the house,—to accept of some refreshment,—and to give him leave to see her safe to her own dwelling.

She refused every thing; she only wished to be let out at the fore door, in order to avoid the young gentlemen, who might possibly expect her return by the same way: but Sir James and even Eudofia so importunately pressed both her and Miss Cranmer to rest themselves a moment or two in the parlour, that they were at last, with no small difficulty, successful.

Before they entered the house, Hebe had seized an opportunity to speak to her mother; and in consequence of what passed between them, invited Eudofia to her cottage, not only with a politeness little to be expected

expected from a person who lived in such an habitation, but with an air which shewed how sincerely she wished to be better acquainted with her.—Eudocia, charmed with her behaviour, readily promised to wait on her.

When they entered the house, lady Grey and Miss Grey were in the parlour with the very Mr. Darnly who had offended Mr. Cranmer so much by his neutrality.

As soon as they appeared, he flew to her, and in the most submissive terms, began to apologize for his friend, but more for himself: “When I stood by, and suffered so much insolence, madam,” continued he, “I was not sufficiently attentive to the charming object which so powerfully attracted Mr. Spencer: had he given himself leave to take a deliberate view of Miss Cranmer’s elegant figure, he would certainly have behaved in a more respectful manner.”

“You need not enlarge upon this subject,” replied Mrs. Cranmer coolly—“By

10 THE FAVOURITE.

forgetting you have ever seen us, you will make the best atonement for what is past."

"You require an impossibility, madam," answered he, "and make me also apprehensive that my endeavours to convince you and the young lady of my contrition will prove ineffectual."

Mrs. Cranmer, willing to put an end to this conversation, as well as to make a speedy retreat, addressed herself to lady Grey with a little excuse for the suddenness of her appearance; just mentioning the occasion of it, but without any aggravating circumstances.

Lady Grey made but a slight reply to this necessary piece of politeness, casting a look of contempt, at the same time, at Miss Cranmer, who, to avoid the eager glances of Mr. Darnly, had entered into chat with Miss Eudocia Grey, while Miss Grey surveyed her with envious and malignant eyes.

Mrs. Cranmer, who immediately discovered the dispositions of her new acquaintance,

THE FAVOURITE. 11

tance, and who wanted also to hasten her departure, again thanking Sir James for his protection, began to take leave of all the company. She in a particular manner wished Mr. Darnly a good night, that he might not expect to attend her; and by doing so, not a little disconcerted him, as he had hoped to have an opportunity to make himself appear in a pardonable light, and to commence an acquaintance with her, being quite charmed with Miss Cranmer's person on a nearer view, and captivated by her behaviour.—In short, the thoughtless man of pleasure was now lost in the serious, timid lover.—Mrs. Cranmer's forbidding looks, therefore, awed him to a distance very disagreeable to him; and he had the mortification to see her and her alluring daughter depart, without being animated with the hopes of finding another favourable moment to speak to them.

Mrs. Cranmer, however, tho' she had effectually deterred Mr. Darnly from waiting on her home, could not disengage herself

from Sir James.—*He would* pay that compliment, and Fudofia was not less obstinate upon the occasion, in spite of her mother's frowns, which plainly indicated her displeasure at so glaring an attachment to "people whom they had never seen before," and whom, consequently, "nobody knew."

No sooner were they set out, than Mr. Darnly, impatient to discover the place, where this amiable young creature lived, rose up in order to follow her:—but, on being earnestly pressed both by lady Grey and Miss Grey, to sit down again, he, at length, complied with their intreaties, but he complied with them with the greatest reluctance—yet, on second thoughts, he became more satisfied with his situation, by considering, that if he waited till Sir James's return, he might, perhaps, receive from him the so-much-wished-for intelligence.

While he was impatiently waiting for Sir James's arrival, he thought himself under a necessity, as a gentleman, of saying
a few

a few civil things to Miss Grey, who was a regular *beauty*, but without any of those *agrémens* which often do more execution than the most elegantly ranged features, and the clearest complexion. She was tall and genteel; but, from her haughtiness and affectation, her appearance was generally stiff, and sometimes awkward: she was fair, and had a lively bloom: her hair and eyes were dark; the latter sparkling, but frequently fixed with an unmeaning earnestness: her nose was in the Grecian style, and indeed the most inoffensive feature in her face, as it was the only one which could not be tortured into a form different from that given to it by nature: her mouth was very pretty; but as she almost perpetually stretched it to shew her teeth, or turned up her lips, to signify her contempt at things which would have excited derision in no other person, the natural prettiness of it was rarely to be seen.—As these defects, however, were all acquired ones, she could make them disappear

pear whenever she pleased; and they actually *did* disappear before Darnly, for she availed herself of all her allurements to enslave him: and they might have made some impression upon him, perhaps, had not the unspeakable loveliness of Miss Cranmer, arising from the beauty of her person, the winning ease in her carriage, and her corrected vivacity, secured his heart.—Ashamed of having been an idle spectator, while she received an unjustifiable insult, and mortified by the recollection of Mrs. Cranmer's chilling looks, which entirely precluded all attempts to go home with her, he grew weary of waiting—having waited a considerable time—for the information he hoped to obtain:—so restless did he grow at last, that he made several efforts to take his leave, impelled by a strong desire to discover his bewitching *incognita's* retreat; but lady Grey employed so many artful attentions to keep him in his chair, that being unable, from the agitation of his mind, to frame excuses for his departure,

too forcible not to be deemed satisfactory, he staid till it was too late for him to think of making himself master of the *route* which the ladies under the convoy of Sir James had taken:—He staid, 'tis true, but he was so utterly inattentive to the beautiful object before him, and indeed so *absent*, that lady Grey and her daughter both repented of having pressed him so much to remain with them.

Sir James at length returned; after having been anxiously expected by his own family, as well as by Mr. Darnly.

Lady Grey, not being of a very retentive disposition, could not help asking him, rather abruptly, where he had been so long; and what he had done with the women he had picked up?

The latter part of her ladyship's speech, as it admitted of two constructions, might have passed as a specimen of her powers for raillery, had not her features and her voice sufficiently convinced those who heard it, that she was not in the least in a rallying humour.

humour, or that she had mistaken her talents.

Sir James, foreseeing a storm, and being very unwilling to have Mr. Darnly hear the expected thunder, endeavoured to give an immediate turn to the conversation; but as *he* wished to know who the ladies were, and in what place they lived, he said, "I hope, Sir, the young lady has a little recovered from her fright: may I not be informed by you where she lives, that I may send to enquire after her health in the morning?"

"Such a person as her's, Sir," replied Sir James, with a smile, "cannot be long concealed; tho', as I believe her mother is desirous of her concealment at present, you must not take my silence about the *dwelling* amiss."

Finding that nothing more, just then at least, was to be got out of Sir James, Darnly, with a sigh and a bow to the ladies, quitted the room.

As

As soon as Sir James returned from waiting on him to the door, his lady saluted him in this strain—"And so, Sir, you have made yourself compleatly ridiculous, I think, this afternoon, by bringing strangers into your house; insignificant, contemptible people—who, notwithstanding their flimsy appearance, and affected airs, are of no kind of consequence, tho' they may be artful enough to impose themselves upon foolish young fellows, for mighty clever creatures: I should laugh prodigiously to see any of them taken in by them; but still, if they are not, you will be equally culpable for bringing such wretches home to your daughters to take the very bread out of their mouths;—but this is so like *you*—you are always committing *some* absurdity."

Sir James generally comprehended the drift of his lady's conversation, (who, tho' she came of a good family, and had been politely educated, now and then shocked the ear of elegance with vulgarisms) but
he

18 THE FAVOURITE.

he was, at this juncture, incapable of de-
veloping her meaning; he, therefore, re-
plied, "I really don't understand you, my
dear."

"Perhaps you don't—but then I must
tell you, Sir James, that you do not act
like a father to your children; for, instead
of providing husbands for them, you bring
other girls to marry with the fellows under
their nose."

"Oh!—is that your meaning?" said
he, with a smile—"Why truly, my dear,
I did not think of it: but, in the first place,
I could not avoid going to Mrs. Cranmer's
assistance, without being guilty of the
greatest unpoliteness, not to say inhumani-
ty; and in the second, if our girls are not
so handsome as Miss Cranmer, how can
we hinder the men from preferring *her* to
them?"

"Handsome!—nonsense!—Who ever
thought of her being the least bit handsome
but yourself?"

"Nay

“Nay then, child, ’tis all very well ; if she is not handsomer nor more agreeable than our daughters, her coming in her way is of no sort of importance : there is no harm done then, you know.”

“No, certainly : *you* never do any thing amiss ; *you* are never wrong : some people are always in the right. But I say, and will stand to it, that tho’ there are few girls equal to Caroline ; yet there are men so very low in their taste, or rather indeed with no taste at all, who prefer ugliness to beauty, or fancy beauty where there is not the least pretension to it.”

“Possibly there may be such people ; for I myself never pay any particular regard to a woman, tho’ she is called a *beauty*, if she is not agreeable to me. But I shall not dispute with you, my lady, upon this subject.”

“You had better not :—but I desire to know who these people are, and how they came into our garden, and why you brought them to *me* ?”

Sir

Sir James then told her all that has been already related :—matters, however, were not mended by his narration. “ I am sure she is some very forward creature, or nobody would have meddled with her : men never take such liberties with any women, except those whom they think fit for their purpose.”

“ I never, indeed, beheld a modester girl in my life,” said Sir James ; “ and were you to see the very neat little cottage in which she lives with her mother, which, tho’ small, has a genteel aspect, and is most pleasantly situated, you would entertain different ideas about them.”

“ But *where* do they live,” replied she hastily, “ with all this neatness and gentility ?”

“ Just on the south-west side of the wood, on the declivity of the hill, stands their little cottage, covered with jasmines and honeysuckles, while roses and pinks blow profusely at their door.”

“ A mighty

THE FAVOURITE. 21

“ A mighty fine description of some smoaky, dirty hovel, I’ll lay my life, with a few raudry; flaunting flowers in the front, and a few rotten cabbage-stalks behind.— Oh!—I have seen many such rural spots—(laughing affectedly)—but pray how came these elegant people to live in retirement? there must be a strange reason for their living so, I dare swear—if not a scandalous one.”

“ Indeed you are mistaken, my dear; and you would own yourself too much prejudiced against them, were you to see them—both mother and daughter are perfectly genteel in their manners, and their servant seems to understand propriety of behaviour as well as they do.”

“ Their *servant*!—what, have they but *one*? H—ns! Sir James, I should never have thought of your attempting to bring me acquainted with people who keep but one maid.—Retired indeed!—yes; I never knew any people retire, but those who are ashamed to shew their faces.”

“ Indeed,

“Indeed, child,” said Sir James, “you are quite out now.—Can a splendid habitation, a numerous train of servants, and a large acquaintance in the polite world, make those deserving who have no intrinsic merit? or can they who are worthy of our esteem, be rendered less so by living frugally in a retired way?—Mrs. Cranmer and her daughter are——”

“Don’t tell me, Sir James,” replied she, reddening; “every body knows that people must have rank, or fortune, or good connexions to make them *well received*; and those, who have no such recommendations, are glad to thrust their heads into a corner, and to bury themselves in obscurity: and so may these Cranmers, for they shall come no more here—a couple of artful toads I dare say—mother and daughter—yes—so they call themselves—such creatures always assume the titles which they think will answer their ends.—However, Sir, they have, I believe, ruined an establishment which might have taken place
for

for Miss Grey, as Mr. Darnly would certainly have been charmed with her, had not that little impertinent flirt caught his eyes first. This is the service you have done your family: but I shall take care to prevent any farther mischief of that nature for the future."

With these words she flounced out of the room, leaving Sir James not a little astonished, and extremely concerned at her taking so much pains to increase the natural unhappiness of her temper.—The two young ladies had quitted the room immediately after Mr. Darnly's departure; Miss Grey to indulge her reflections about him, as she thought him a very pretty fellow; and Miss Eudofia to think, with pleasure, upon the amiable young girl from whom she was just returned, with whom she wished to be better acquainted; as her sister, naturally ill-humoured, and her mother's favourite, was a very disagreeable companion to her.

Miss

Miss Grey possessed not, indeed, shining talents, nor was she of a sweet disposition; yet had she been educated in a proper manner, had she been prudently corrected, before she was rendered incorrigible by unlimited indulgence, she might have been a more valuable daughter, a more affectionate sister, and a more agreeable companion: — but her mother's excessive partiality for her from her earliest infancy, had been of the utmost disservice to her.—She was handsome, and her beauty entirely employed her mother's attention: her mind was neglected, and not the least care taken to make her as amiable as she was beautiful. Her person excepted, she was every way inferior to Eudofia, who had been taught by her father, (who often said that one spoilt child in a house was enough) from her cradle, to keep her passions under, and was now in the seventeenth year of her age, preferred by most people, for her intellectual accomplishments, and winning manners, to her sister.—Lady Grey,
being

being much hurt by such a preference, hindered Eudofia from going into company as often as she possibly could, that her favourite might not be eclipsed.—Eudofia's exterior was not, 'tis true, so striking as Miss Grey's, but when her person was critically examined, the comparison was not unfavourable to her. She was not so tall as her sister, yet there was a delicacy in her *tout ensemble*, and a peculiar ease in her movements, which Caroline wanted. Her complexion was not so dazzling, nor her eyes so brilliant as her sister's, but there was a *je ne sçai quoi* in her countenance uncommonly attractive. Her hands and arms were much whiter than Miss Grey's, and more elegantly formed. With such personal advantages, added to the natural goodness of her disposition, to her exquisite sensibility, to her improved understanding, and almost blameable diffidence with regard to her attainments, she would, doubtless, have proved a formidable rival to her sister, if she had been permitted to

26 THE FAVOURITE.

appear with her. She also played in a very fine taste on the *piano forte*, and accompanied her finger with a soft harmonious voice: in music and reading she took great pleasure; her supreme delight was to walk and converse with her father, a man who, setting aside his being too ready to subscribe to his wife's opinion, a woman, not always, it might be supposed, from the sketch already drawn of her, in the right, had few failings; nay, even this weakness, for it certainly was one, with regard to her children, as it proceeded merely from a dislike to opposition and altercation, may perhaps, by many people be thought pardonable—However, if parents would but reflect upon the ill consequences with which the indiscrete indulgence may be, probably attended; if they would correct them properly when faulty, and prudently reward them when they behave in a meritorious manner, they would not only be better members of society, but infinitely more agreeable, and certainly

ly more happy ones: pride, folly, vanity, and ill-humour, can never make us pleasing to others, nor procure us internal felicity. Some perhaps will say, that constitutional vices are immoveable; the removal of them may be difficult when full-grown, but no efforts should be neglected to extirpate them, before they are strongly rooted. If lady Grey, while her eldest daughter was in her infancy, had taken pains to make her less proud of her personal charms, and less insolent in her carriage to her sister; more chearful, and more satisfied with every thing, and every creature about her, Caroline might have been the most amiable of women; and as much admired for her behaviour as her beauty.—Miss Grey was, in short, in her temper too like her mother, who was very handsome before she became large and out of shape.—Sir James had indeed been so violently enamoured of her outward charms, that he did not, till his children grew up, discover any blemishes in her.

When lady Grey flounced out of the room she called Caroline after her, and after having told her how well she looked, and how vastly superior she was to that forward creature whom her father had endeavoured to force upon them for an acquaintance, asked her if she knew who the bold huffey was.

“ I never saw her before, madam, nor ever heard any thing about her.”

“ Go then, and get all the intelligence you can relating to her and the woman who passes for her mother: there is some juggle between them, I’ll lay my life. I wonder what your father meant by putting them upon *me*: but I firmly believe that they have imposed upon him with a fine Canterbury tale: he was always monstrously credulous.—But how do you like Mr. Darnly, my dear; you was never actually in his company before: I remember he stared at you prodigiously at the last assembly; and, I dare say, he would have talked

talked to the purpose, if your father had not brought in that pushing girl."

"Indeed, madam, replied Miss Grey, with a self-sufficient air, if he had entertained any thoughts about *me*, I cannot suppose that so insignificant a girl could have made any change in him. I should never expect to be put in competition with such a poor low wretch, beneath my notice."

"Why no, to be sure, he cannot think of her seriously, my dear; but he may look upon *her* in a light in which he dares not behold *you*: therefore, as he may be prevented from making advances by a respectful timidity, I would have you be a little encouraging when he falls in your way again. Lord Haverford's son may not, in point of rank be unworthy of you—But what do you think of him? do you fancy him, my dear?"

"He is well enough," said Miss Grey, "but I think he has rather a stupid air."

“ Well, child, I shall lay no restraint on your inclinations; I would only have you consider, that such an admirer merits your attention. You are nineteen, Caroline, and have had no offer yet: think of that: here is Dossy growing up, and tho’ there cannot possibly be any comparison between you, I know your father is foolishly fond of her, because she is like himself; he, therefore, may be in a hurry to settle her: and I can tell you, my dear, it will hurt my pride to have her married first.”

“ There is no fear of that at all, I believe, said Caroline, with a sneering face; nobody, I fancy, will trouble himself about *her*.”

“ In my opinion child, you are right, but perhaps your father may offer her to somebody.”

“ Sure, madam, she won’t be so mean as to consent to such a marriage—’tis next to selling one’s self, to be so married.—

No,

No,—I will chuse my man, let what will be the consequence.”

This spirited speech of her favourite daughter's made lady Grey laugh; but the entrance of a servant to tell them that supper was upon table, prevented her from making any reply.

In a few days afterwards, Sir James, (who was exceedingly pleased with Mrs. Cranmer and her daughter, with their rustic habitation, and with every thing about them), as lady Grey and Miss Grey were to go three miles upon a visit, told Eudofia, when he had handed them into the coach, that if she would put on her hat, he would take a walk with her to Mrs. Cranmer's. Eudofia, having in several conversations with her father, discovered a strong desire to become better acquainted with Miss Cranmer, with his approbation, most cheerfully prepared to attend him.

They were received with great politeness, the sincerity of which they had no reason to question. When the first com-

pliments were exchanged, Mrs. Cranmer said to them, " Tho' I am very happy in becoming acquainted with you and Miss Eudofia, I cannot but remember with regret our little adventure in the wood, as it will, I am afraid, make my daughter and myself more known than we wish to be : it has already produced a quarrel between Mr. Darnly and Mr. Spencer, only a verbal one indeed, but it may be attended with many disagreeable consequences : and I believe, Sir James, you will, from your knowledge of the world, be ready to own, that a young woman, who is not quite homely, is in the safest situation in retirement ; and that it is of no advantage to such a woman to be publicly talked of.—But I will explain myself to you, Sir, that you may have it in your power to contradict any malicious reports levelled against the character of my child."—

Mrs.

THE FAVOURITE. 33

Mrs. Cranmer, having dispatched her daughter to shew Miss Grey her little shrubbery, proceeded in the following terms.

“ On looking round, last night, when you so politely brought us safe to our cottage, and seeing nobody near us, I began to hope that we had, by your kindness in permitting us to come through your garden, eluded a pursuit which might have been made, I fancied, meerly out of curiosity, as we have never been seen any where in this part of the country but at church. Next morning, however, my servant entered the garden, and told my daughter that a young gentleman begged the favour of speaking to her. Leaving her where she was, I stepped into the parlour, and immediately recollected Mr. Spencer, who looked, I thought, disconcerted on seeing me instead of Hebe: but after a profusion of bows, and a number of apologies for the offence which he had committed—(tho’ I could not discover

much concern in his *manner* for the commission of it) he asked me if he might not be honoured with an opportunity to receive his pardon from the charming creature who had occasioned his impertinent behaviour.—As I did not chuse to have any connection whatever with a man who could behave with so little delicacy, and who, indeed, appeared to me to be ready to repeat his insolence;—I affected to put him by with a smile, and told him, that as he had assured me no insult had been intended, I would venture to answer for my daughter's forgiveness as well as my own: adding, as we like to live retired, Sir, you must excuse my daughter's appearance: you must also excuse my absence. Then, making him no curtsy, I returned to Hebe, hoping that I had by the civility of my carriage, got rid of a man, with whom I desired not to have another interview, on any account. It was some time before Susan, our maid, could prevail on him to leave the house, after having positively refused a
large

large sum, which he offered in order to procure a private meeting with my daughter, or to facilitate the conveyance of a letter to her—I cannot say I am easy about this proceeding; there is something in Mr. Spencer alarming: he seems to be warm and impetuous: gladly would I avoid such people, as we are only three women here, and as our house is lonely: while we remained unknown, its privacy was, in the highest degree, pleasing to us.—In the evening, a farmer's servant lurked about the door for several hours: at last, he gave a letter to Susan for her young mistress—It was indeed directed to Miss Cranmer. As I have the greatest confidence in my daughter, when she put it into my hand I returned it unopened, and desired her to read it.—“I believe, madam, replied she, it is not worth my while.”—She was right: it was a mere senseless rhapsody from Mr. Spencer, which he called a declaration of the most violent esteem, concluding with a very earnest de-

fire to see her.—When I had read it I asked Hebe what she thought of it.—“ I cannot believe, madam, said she, that the person who wrote that letter would be more agreeable upon a nearer acquaintance, and therefore beg he may not be admitted: I shall be happy to find you of my opinion.” In consequence of this discreet reply, Susan had orders neither to receive any more letters, nor to admit *him* again.—Imagine, then, my surprize this morning, to see him forcing his way into the room in which we were sitting, and closely followed by Mr. Darnley, who, after fruitless endeavours to persuade his friend to leave the house, advanced to me with a countenance in which anger, concern, and humility were blended, and intreated me and Miss Cranmer—(turning to her as he spoke) to hear him, and to pardon him for re-appearing before us unforgiven for his last offence.—“ As I tamely suffered Mr. Spencer to be guilty of so much rudeness, I cannot presume to defend

defend my conduct, but I will strive to atone for it by preventing a renewal of his insults.”—“ Sir, sir, replied Spencer, reddening with resentment, “ What do you mean by this usage ? ”—laying his hand upon his sword.—“ Hold, gentlemen, cried I, interposing, I will instantly put an end to your contest—You have both entered my house against my inclination, but as you have both endeavoured to persuade me that you came by way of making apologies for the affront offered in the wood, permit me to assure you, that you can only render those apologies acceptable by giving me no room to expect another affront of the same kind.—You are both well enough acquainted with the world to know that young girls often suffer, tho’ perfectly innocent, by being talked of: let not my daughter then have reason to reproach you for the wanton publication of her name—Let me intreat you to leave us ; and let me earnestly insist upon your not disputing in the slightest manner about her.”

her."—I saw with satisfaction, while I spoke, that Mr. Darnly was affected by what I said, but I at the same time observed, that Mr. Spencer would have paid no attention to it, had he not been certain that he should get nothing by an adherence to an opposite behaviour—he, therefore, quitted the house; and Mr. Darnly, after a few respectful bows to me and Hebe, followed him.—Thus you see, sir, I have something to fear from the indiscretion of these young men: and if they are determined to trouble me with their company, I must remove from a place which is, I own, on every other account, more agreeable to me than I ever thought to find it."

Sir James, after having paid Mrs. Cranmer a sensible and well-turned compliment on the propriety of her conduct to his young neighbours, told her, that she was, in his opinion, rather pleasantly than safely situated; adding, that any of *his* servants should attend her, as guards, if their attend-

attendance would afford her any satisfaction—"I thank you, sir, replied she, as well for this friendly offer, as for your late most seasonable appearance in favor of my daughter; but I should ill deserve any farther civilities did I not inform you to whom you have been already so obliging.—"My life, continued she, with a sigh, has by no means, been a happy one; yet, when I consider what blessings I have received, and how much happier I still am than millions of my fellow-creatures, ought I to repine?—I am descended from an ancient and honourable family, and was bred up in ease and affluence. My father, who had never a fortune equal to his birth, being too fond of pleasure, and not attentive enough to œconomy, left me little or nothing at his death—Having naturally a great deal of sensibility, and that sensibility having been encouraged by the best of mothers, I lamented the loss of my father, and the destruction of all my expectations, with the keenest sorrow—My mother indeed

40 THE FAVOURITE.

deed had a competency for herself and me, in a plain way, during her life; but as her income arose only from her jointure, I could hope for nothing at her decease.—She died too soon for me: I was deprived of her at an early period of my life; and should, probably, have been thrown into a very distressful situation—most probably I should have been utterly ruined—had not Mr. Cranmer, the son, the amiable, the accomplished son of an opulent merchant, felt an inclination for me—As his family, however, did not approve of his choice as I had no fortune, he lost for my sake—bitter reflection!—for my sake he lost what he would have inherited had he not been disobedient—Yes, sir, his father, cruelly let me say, disinherited him, and left all he was possessed of to a younger brother—I did not, I am afraid, bear the shock which this cutting disappointment occasioned, with that resignation with which we should always submit to the decrees of Providence, whatever they

they are, and however we may be afflicted by them. I strove, by all the soothing methods in my power to alleviate Mr. Cranmer's grief, while he assured me that his sighs and tears unmanned him only on my account, and my child's; but he fell into a decline, and we were doomed to struggle thro' life without his advice and assistance. With his dying breath he charged me to take all possible care of his dear, *dear* Hebe, whom he had named after me. Finding myself mistress of a very small sum, when the debts, unavoidably contracted during his illness, were discharged, I thought it most prudent to retire into a cheap part of the country, with one servant who had lived with me several years, and who was willing to follow me wherever I should go. I will confess I was desirous of excluding myself from the world, as I had lost all I loved in it, except my daughter. I imagined too that my retreat would be no disservice to *her*; she had already had a good education, and as she was not born
to

to make any appearance in the world, she would, I hoped, by being carried at an early age into retirement, learn to *amuse herself*. From an incapacity to *amuse themselves* how many of both sexes are perpetually venting complaints against the tediousness of time—Complaints which would never surely issue from their lips, if they were not, from the emptiness of their minds, unable to render the flight of time imperceptible, without calling others to steal them away from their own thoughts:—Thank heaven! Hebe has hitherto found employment in her retreat sufficient to hinder her from murmuring at the dullness of it; nor has she once sighed after the follies of the gay world in which she had been educated—she seems to be perfectly satisfied with her condition; and indeed I myself began to grow fond of my cottage, when we were alarmed in the manner you saw, sir.—I am now under a kind of necessity of putting myself and my child under your protection; but I hope these licentious
young

young fellows will not oblige me to give you any farther trouble, or drive me into a less eligible situation; for I own, that as my fortune will not permit me to keep company equal to my birth and education, I prefer solitude to the society of those who are neither entertaining nor improving."

Sir James, who had been pleased, at first sight, with his amiable neighbours, was not less so at the conclusion of Mrs. Cranmer's tale, delivered with a grace peculiar to herself, to every part of which he readily gave credit, having previously enquired into her character and conduct, and found the one as unblemished as the other was irreproachable. After having thanked her, therefore, for the confidence she had reposed in him, he assured her again of every kind of service in his power, and solicited the acquaintance of her daughter for his Eudofia.

Mrs. Cranmer, thoroughly sensible of her obligations to Sir James, for the assistance
which

which he had afforded her, was full of acknowledgments, and very willing to accept of his future services of the same nature; but chose to keep clear of any connection, if possible, with my lady, whose behaviour to her had been so little flattering—She had not the least objection, however, to Eudofia's company, of whom Miss Cranmer had spoken in the highest terms, from what she had seen of her—she, therefore, told Sir James, that both she and her daughter should think themselves obliged to him for letting Miss Eudofia visit them; but added, that as Hebe never would be enabled to live in Miss Grey's style, she was unwilling to give her a taste superior to her circumstances.

“Plain, disagreeable girls, indeed, said Sir James, must not expect to look above their humble stations; but Miss Cranmer will certainly, from the beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners, be every where distinguished; and they will probably

probably raise her to the sphere in which she was born to figure."

"I do not pretend, sir, replied Mrs. Cranmer, to be blind to the personal attractions, and to the accomplishments of my child! Perhaps I look on her already with too partial eyes; but I must confess, I reckon very little upon a woman's making her fortune by her person and her parts; I will venture to say, that the majority of those girls who have, upon the strength of their exterior charms, expected to be *greatly* married, have been greatly disappointed: because they have forgot, puffed up with pride and self-conceit, to improve their minds, to correct their passions, and to make themselves capable of shining in domestic life, by acquiring a relish for the domestic virtues.—Besides, where is the man of sense,—the only man worthy of a woman's attention—who will be caught by beauties of a perishable kind, without paying regard to those which will last for ever—The woman

man who has drawn in her lover to marry her, merely by a shewy outside, and her boarding-school accomplishments, cannot rationally expect a constant husband, for every pretty creature, bred only “to sing, to dance, to dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the eye,” will be a formidable rival.—In short, Sir James, I would not wish, my at present artless innocent Hebe, to make such a conquest: but as she has no friend except me; and as my death might prove fatal to her, I should indeed be glad to see her married to a man who would love her more for being a good daughter, than for any little external allurements.”

Sir James very heartily subscribed to Mrs. Cranmer’s judicious sentiments with regard to the education of daughters: and doubly felt the force of them by reflecting upon lady Grey’s mistaken fondness for Caroline, by which she hindered her from reaping those advantages from her beauty which she might, if that beauty was attended

tended with proper accomplishments, rationally expect.

The return of the young ladies from the garden, whose company Mrs. Cranmer now wished for, prevented any further conversation upon this subject; but they spent the remainder of the evening very agreeably together.

Eudofia, not knowing Mrs. Cranmer's reasons against Hebe's visiting at the *Park*—so was Sir James's place called,—very earnestly desired to see her there; but upon Miss Cranmer's referring her to her mother; and upon that lady's telling her that she would, when favoured with her company again, endeavour to account, in a satisfactory manner, for the refusal of her obliging request, she went home with her father.

While they were walking back to the Park, Sir James related to his daughter all that he had heard from Mrs. Cranmer.

Eudofia, after having thanked him for the confidence he had placed in her, said,

48 THE FAVOURITE.

“ Miss Cranmer, sir, is the most amiable girl I ever conversed with, and I hope you will give me leave to take all opportunities of seeing her.”

At their arrival they found lady Grey and Miss Grey returned from their visit— They had engaged themselves to meet the family whom they had just left, at the races on the Monday following, and had promised to go with them to the assembly in the evening. Sir James then asked my lady, as Eudisia was gone out of the room, whether her youngest daughter should not be of the party. “ There is but the difference of two years between them, continued he; and I am sure Caroline has been your companion at such places these four years.—I am not indeed at all desirous of having young girls often seen in public; but if you never take Eudisia with you, people won’t know that I have another daughter.”

“ Oh! you need not fright yourself about that, Sir James—you will take care
to

to let every body hear enough of her: but indeed I cannot be so crouded with girls every where: I shall look just as if I kept a boarding-school.

The tone with which lady Grey pronounced these words was so decisive, that Sir James, being a great lover of peace, and pretty well assured that by urging any thing in Eudofia's favour, he should only provoke a more peremptory answer against her, was silent.

While the weak and wrong-headed mother and her *favourite* were preparing to make a brilliant appearance at the diversions abovementioned, Mr. Darnly, who became more and more enamoured of Miss Cranmer, had been trying to bring his friend Spencer to reason, by telling him that as he knew he had no idea of entering into an honourable connection with her, he ought not to give any disturbance to *his* designs, which were entirely of the honourable kind.

“An honourable connection with a girl, of whom neither you nor I know any thing?” replied Spencer, with a sneer—
 “One must be in a devilish hurry indeed to commit matrimony, to go that way to work—but I fancy, my friend, that you will be off your speed, when you find your father not heartily disposed to consent to such an alliance: and since you cannot come at the girl yourself in your *honourable* style, why should you wish to *throw* those *out of the line* who may stand a better chance to *bring her to*. I have no father to hinder me from pleasing myself.—”

“Why sure, George, you cannot intend to marry her yourself?”

“Marry her!—how your head rambles. Why you don’t think me such an ass, do you? Haven’t I always declared my aversion to any such ridiculous ties: however, is there any reason why I should not take a liking to a fine girl as well as you, because I hate to be shackled?”

“You

“ You dare not, surely think of the lovely Hebe without marriage ?”

“ Dare not ?—Take care, Mr. Darnly ; you have already sufficiently irritated me, by the preposterous liberty you took with me before her—I spared you then, on recollecting our friendship, from our boyish days, and was not willing to raise my arm against the man I had so truly loved till that juncture ; but indeed, Harry, if you continue to be impertinent, I must have recourse to some method which may possibly not be agreeable to you.—I am determined to try my fortune with Hebe as well as you ; do not therefore interrupt me any more, but let the most fortunate carry the day by carrying off the girl.”

“ Never, replied Darnly, never will I see you take measures to destroy helpless innocence, without opposing them—If this resolution of mine excites your resentment, I shall at any time be ready to give you the satisfaction you demand.”

" 'Tis mighty well, fir; but I shall not, by exposing myself to the point of your sword, run the risque of disabling myself from making the most of my time with the girl in question, or of running my earliest my first loved friend thro' the body: tho' I believe, Harry, I should, by breathing a vein for you, cure this fever in your head, in the most efficacious manner.—Prythee what romance have you lately been reading?—These cursed books, by putting strange notions into their heads, spoil the spirits of half the young fellows in the world—When once they get into love, and commence whiners at the feet of their mistresses, 'tis all over with them---They grow downright fools, and noose themselves for life with the first handsome girl who comes in their way."

" I don't understand your jesting, fir, in so improper a manner on so serious a subject," said Darnly, with some warmth, walking up and down the room with hasty steps.

Spencer not being able to get another word out of him, left him; he then wrote the following letter to Mrs. Cranmer.

M A D A M,

“ I am so thoroughly penetrated with sorrow, when I think of the extreme indelicacy of my behaviour on the day I first saw *you* and Miss Cranmer, that I want words to express my contrition—severely have I condemned myself—severely am I at this moment self-corrected—for the impropriety of my conduct: it arose indeed from my not having the happiness to know the object insulted, but I do not pretend to advance an extenuating syllable—However, could you only prevail on yourself to let me implore your lovely daughter’s forgiveness in person, you would, I hope, as well as her, be willing to pardon a fault of which I have sincerely repented; and I hope also that you will, on being better acquainted with me, conde-

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scend

54 THE FAVOURITE.

scend to approve of my endeavours to make myself agreeable in Miss Cranmer's eyes : to gain *her* esteem is my utmost wish ; for on *her* the felicity of my future life entirely depends.

I am, Madam,

Your most respectful

Humble servant,

H. DARNLY.

“ P. S. I am convinced that I ought not to have ventured to utter the dictates of my heart so soon after the commission of so great an offence ; but, apprehensive as I am of a competitor, I cannot forbear to be thus early in my application for your permission to let me *personally* wait on you.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranmer having perused the contents of this epistle put it into her daughter's hands, with a smile, and desired her to tell her what she should say in answer to it.

"Just what you please, madam, replied Miss Cranmer, I have no kind of partiality for Mr. Darnly; but if I had, I should intreat *you* to determine: especially as I hope and believe that my dear mother is in no sort of hurry to part with her girl."

"I am not indeed, my dear; yet I hope I am too good a mother to think of keeping you with me to your disadvantage."

"I assure you then, my dear madam, that I had rather live with you, in this pleasant retirement, than leave you to be married to the most desirable man in the world."

"I believe you, my good girl, because Mr. Darnly has not yet made an impres-

sion on your heart :—Yet should your heart feel emotions in his favour, I shall not, in order to secure a provision for my child, act with dishonor. Mr. Darnly has a father, who, undoubtedly, will not approve of an alliance with us in our present situation—I am therefore glad, my dear, that you are not particularly struck with a man whose person and address are not, I think, disagreeable. However, if lord Hereford *should* consent—*could* you bring yourself to like this young gentleman?

“ He is so perfectly indifferent to me, madam, that I do not entertain a single thought about him. I shall always be happier with *you* than with any other living-creature, in any other place; and wish not for a removal, however advantageous it might be.”

Mrs. Cranmer, delighted with her Hebe's tender affection, pressed her to her bosom; and, after having given vent to her maternal fondness, sat down to answer Mr. Darnly's letter in the following manner.

S I R,

S I R,

“The compliment which you have paid my daughter calls for an immediate acknowledgment: and to convince you that I do not confine my grateful sense of it to words alone, I must refuse your admittance upon the abovementioned terms, as I cannot suppose they are either known to lord Hereford, who has an undoubted right to be first consulted on an affair of so much importance, or would be agreeable to him if communicated—I should, therefore, very ill repay the regard you have expressed for my daughter, could I be accessory to your disobedience as a son.”

I am, &c. &c.

H. CRANMER.

Mrs. Cranmer shewed this letter to her Hebe before she sealed it, and it was in-

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stantly

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H. CRANMER.

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stantly dispatched, with her full approbation, to Mr. Darnly.

Darnly, opening it with a trembling hand, felt emotions not to be described, at the prohibition it contained : very much doubting whether he should ever be able to obtain his father's consent—but he resolved to endeavour to procure it without delay. While he was considering how to carry his point most effectually, my lady and Miss Grey returned from the races : the former, with a triumphant air, began to tell Sir James with what rapidity Caroline had charmed the finest young fellow in England, who had asked her leave to enquire after Miss Grey's health at the Park. —“ You may be sure, continued she, with rapture sparkling in her eyes, that I did not reject him : he is quite enamoured I can assure you, Sir James,—He is a man of fashion ; a baronet—Sir Edward Fawthorp.—Pray let every thing be in the greatest order :—When men have a design upon a girl, they always love to look carefully

carefully into her family, and to see that all is as it should be—Where's Doffy? I must give *her* some instructions how to conduct herself, that she may not make her sister be reflected on."

"You need not be under any apprehensions about *her* behaviour, my dear—Eudisia is a very good girl, but, not being quite well, is gone to bed: I am afraid she has got a little fever: fancying that a *rash* might come out, I desired her to keep herself warm."

"So much the better: we don't at all want her; she will only be in the way: but you can't think how handsome, how genteel Sir Edward is, both in his person and carriage: such men don't offer themselves every day: but I thought my girl would be lucky at last, Sir James."

"'Tis mighty well---You have then concluded every thing."

"Oh no---How could you imagine that I should finish matters without consulting *you*? yet you cannot but approve of Sir

60 THE FAVOURITE.

Edward; and as Caroline and I like him the business is done, you know.”—

The remainder of the evening, till they retired to their chambers, and the next morning, were spent in panegyricks upon the charming Sir Edward.

As my lady and Miss Grey expected him on the following morning, they were violently dressed, and with Sir James waited for him in the parlour.—Eudofia was ill in bed.—

He arrived, and indeed his appearance confirmed what lady Grey had said concerning his person: a more striking figure could not be seen; he was dressed in a very elegant style, and his manners were perfectly polite: he was tall and extremely well proportioned; he had a delicate, but not an effeminate complexion; his eyes were dark and penetrating; his hair was fine, and his teeth were uncommonly white and even.—

As Sir Edward was a new, and likely to be a very interesting object to my lady,
she

she behaved in no shape amiss, but in discovering rather too much pleasure at his arrival; for the occasion certainly required some delicacy—she discovered that kind of redundant joy which is oftner the sign of folly than of wisdom; but her strong partiality for her eldest daughter, and the prospect of so flattering an alliance, transported her almost beyond the bounds of reason.—Miss Grey, on the other hand, who now began to be sensible of her consequence, (preferred by such a man) was determined not to let herself down by being too condescending at first: she resolved to keep up her dignity at all events.—In consequence of this resolution, indeed, she behaved with a disagreeable stiffness; but she did not expose herself by chattering nonsensically like her mother.

Sir Edward, however, as he had been too much dazzled by Miss Grey's beauty to observe any intellectual blemishes, with which no woman can be truly amiable, very luckily for her, instead of self-conceit and vanity,

nity, beheld nothing but modesty, and a delicate reserve, which he imputed to her emotions on the first approaches of a lover: and as he soon found out all Sir James's good qualities, he became more and more satisfied with the footing he had gained in the family.—In three or four days, therefore, during which he constantly visited, and during which all parties grew more pleased with each other, Sir James, by the advise of, and at the desire of his lady, invited him, as his home was at a distance, to take up his residence with them for the remainder of the summer.

Sir Edward was too well pleased both with the father and the daughter not to comply with so agreeable an invitation.—Just when he had accepted of it with pleasure, declared his intentions in the fullest terms, and made the most flattering proposals, Eudisia recovered from her indisposition, and came down stairs, after having been very slightly attended, during her illness, by her mother and sister, and even

by

by Sir James, tho' he had a sincere affection for her; as he had been too much taken up with Sir Edward, to be with her as often as he wished.

Eudofia having heard a great deal about this charming man from lady Grey and from Caroline, came prepared to admire him; but his person and his address so far exceeded her expectations, that she could not check the surprize which she felt at the first sight of him; and the little civilities which he paid her on leaving her chamber, served to make him appear doubly agreeable in her eyes. Sir Edward had naturally a considerable share of tenderness in his disposition; he, therefore, could not help behaving in the *affettuoso* style to every person who seemed to be entitled to a proof of his sensibility.—Eudofia, as she was languid after her illness, and timid because she modestly feared to give offence, was the properest object in the world to call forth his good-nature.—Had she not discovered so much delicacy, the
weak

64 THE FAVOURITE.

weak state in which she appeared and the extreme gentleness of her manners, almost forced the attention of a man so very amiable in his temper as Sir Edward was.— Besides, the sister of the lady whom he intended to marry, and the daughter of a gentleman whom he began to esteem, demanded, he thought, some distinguishing marks of his respect and regard.—These marks however, made a deep impression on Eudesia's tender heart, tho' they only characterized the affectionate brother, and the polite friend, and embarrassed her exceedingly. Sir James, who loved her very much, but who had more strong sense, than acuteness, imputed her emotions to the relics of her disorder: and my lady, who had no penetration at all, saw nothing beneath the surface—she only thought very often that the girl was *prodigiously in the way*. Miss Grey, mean while, who had a plentiful quantity of low cunning, sometimes fancied that she made capital discoveries; but having frequently made wrong guesses, she
became

became fretful and uneasy.—Sir Edward found Eudofia to be possessed of a tenderness and sensibility equal to his own; and therefore became still more assiduous about her, without even thinking, at first, why he was so.—His assiduities at length stirred up jealousy and envy in Miss Grey, and she began to be not a little piqued at his paying so much deference to a younger sister, to whom she did not indeed imagine that any attention at all was necessary, as she was in her opinion fitter to live in a nunnery, than to mix in company.—My lady was of her favourite's mind, and often ordered Dossy to stay in her own apartment.

One day, after dinner, on Sir Edward's helping Eudofia to some of the finest fruit, her mother angrily bade her go up stairs.

“Don't send her away, my lady, said Sir Edward, she is my sister, my little friend,” taking her hand and re-seating her at the table, while she blushed more at his taking her part than at her mother's unkindness.—He saw, he felt her confusion, and strove

to

to render Miss Grey sensible of it, and to prevail on her to assist him in relieving it : but she turned from him, with a smile of contempt, which gave him no advantageous idea of her good-nature.—From that hour he pitied Eudofia, and was always ready to remove the uneasiness and vexation which she frequently endured from the ill treatment of her mother and sister.

When Eudofia, who had admired him as the most amiable of men, saw such strong proofs of his regard for her, her admiration increased till it ripened into a softer passion : tho' it was some time before she knew, unacquainted as she was with her own feelings, that she loved the man, and very tenderly too, for whom she had only, she fancied, cherished a respectful esteem.—Sir Edward, indeed, himself was, at first, with all his sagacity, deceived with regard to her, and with regard to his own sensations, but both of them discovered every hour new qualities of the amiable kind to attract them to each other ;

and

and *he* began, every hour, to see more clearly faults in Miss Grey's temper which he never could have expected under so promising an exterior.

Eudofia abhorred every species of cruelty, and had a particular affection for birds and domestic animals—she was very fond of a little dog, which one of Sir James's tenants had presented to her when he was a puppy.—Sir Edward frequently with great satisfaction saw her let him in and out, and treat him with extreme good-nature. On the contrary, Miss Grey often gave him a fly push with her foot, when she thought nobody observed her; and when any thing went cross, flew into a passion with the poor creature, calling him frightful beast, and ugly wretch; tho' he was allowed by most people to be very handsome—upon such occasions Eudofia always came to his assistance; not always, however, was she able to save him from her sister's fury.

Sir Edward, who had several times seen Miss Grey discover her ill-humour in this manner,

68 THE FAVOURITE.

manner, and who almost wished that he had not hastily made his proposals before he had known more of the lady's disposition, ventured, at last, to express his disapprobation of a behaviour so unnecessarily cruel; shewing at the same time great compassion for the abused little animal, and taking him up in his arms to fondle him: concluding also from Eudofia's regard for her dog, that she would like to be possessed of all kinds of animals, birds, &c. he one day brought her a nest of goldfinches just fledged, and asked her if she thought them worthy of her care.

"I do indeed, sir, said she; and therefore if you will tell me from what place you took them, I will carry them back immediately, for the parents of this little innocent brood will be quite distressed at losing them, and I cannot enjoy any pleasure with them upon such terms."

"My dear sweet-tempered girl, how I admire, how I honour you, for this extreme goodness of mind, which will not
 permit

permit you to be happy at the expence of any living creature's wretchedness! but tell me, Eudofia,—(setting down the birds, and taking her hands in his) were you always thus gentle, thus tenderly compassionate? and will you be ever so?—tell me, Eudofia, have you never been tempted to trifle with a heart which loves you, tho' you feel such pity for these poor birds?"

"Indeed Sir Edward, said she, (looking up in his face with exquisite simplicity, till his gazing on her made her throw down her eyes, and blush) I have never had it in my power to try."

"O then you cannot answer me, replied he, laughing, or—*will* not :—How different you are from the generality of your sex, who proudly boast of the number of their conquests, and triumph in their cruelties!—but you are, actually, a most amiable girl, and the man who can make an impression on your tender heart, Dossy, will be supremely blest."

Poor

Poor Doffy could hardly suppress a sigh at these words, which occasioned emotions she strove to conceal by turning to the goldfinches; saying, with a forced smile, "While you are thus talking to me, Sir Edward, only consider how these pretty birds are crying for their mother; and how vainly she is searching for them."

"You are right, my dear mistress; I will restore them: but that you may not think me naturally inhuman, be assured, Miss Eudofia, that I took the little wretches under my protection in order to give *you* pleasure."

"I am obliged to you, sir, said she, smiling on him, and sincerely wish it was in my power to return your politeness to me, but——"

The consciousness of not being possessed of personal charms equal to her sister's, whom she never envied till she had attracted Sir Edward's attention, would not suffer her to utter another word—she ran hastily from him to hide her confusion, as well

well as to avoid her sister who was just in sight.

Sir Edward met her with the nest in his hand.

“Lard! What are you going to do with these nasty little squaling creatures?”

“To restore them to their mother, madam, to prevent Miss Eudofia’s charging me with farther cruelty.”

“Lard! What signifies what *she* says, throw them over the hedge, and get rid of them at once.”

“And have you considered what they must endure by such treatment? does not the poor beetle whom we tread upon, feel a pang as great as when a giant dies?”

“Well really, replied she, laughing, you are such a philosopher, Sir Edward, that there is no talking with you; but you had certainly better fling the creatures away, as I advised you at first, without troubling yourself about *their* feelings.”

“Horrid barbarity! exclaimed Sir Edward,—No—I will, agreeable to the tender

der Eudofia's wish, carry them to the place from whence I took them."

While Sir Edward was employing himself in this manner, he reflected pretty deeply on the different dispositions of the two sisters. His reflections were very little in Caroline's favour, who, during his absence, told her mother how violently Dossy was distinguished by him, and expressed great discontent at the change in his behaviour. My lady went immediately in search of her youngest daughter, and asked her what she meant by always putting herself in Sir Edward's way, and talking so familiarly with him?

Eudofia coloured, because the mention of Sir Edward always affected her; but as she did not know in what shape she had offended, she modestly acquainted her mother with her ignorance about it; adding, that she would very dutifully obey all her commands.

"Keep

“Keep out of his way, then, replied her mother; it is your sister’s company he desires, and not yours.”

This answer was sufficient to send poor Eudofia up to her chamber with her eyes filled with tears; and it was some time before her books or her music could restore her mind to its wonted composure.

When they all met at dinner, Sir Edward was particularly attentive to Eudofia; but she declined receiving his assiduities as much as she could without appearing unpolite, and very soon returned to her apartment.

The evening happening to be wet, Sir James and Sir Edward had been engaged in a conversation upon literary subjects; the latter, by way of giving the ladies some share in their entertainment, proposed the reading of Mason’s *Elfrida* to them. Lady Grey and Caroline did not think proper to make any objection to Sir Edward’s proposal, tho’ they would have liked a *poor* better than any poetical production.—Nei-

ther of them seemed to be in the least affected by any part of that elegant and truly classical dramatic performance; but Eudofia was so touched by the errors and the affliction of the amiable heroine, that tears rushed into her eyes, and she could, by no means, compose herself.

Sir Edward beheld her sympathizing sorrow with infinite delight, and when they all retired, began to be sincerely angry with himself for having proceeded so far with Miss Grey; finding her heart to be as unfeeling as her face was beautiful, he wished that he had seen Eudofia first.—“ Yet, continued he, soliloquizing, I should not have known she had the tenderest of hearts, and was the best creature in the world: *that* knowledge I have acquired since my intimacy with her—I should possibly have thought her *not disagreeable*, nothing more,—and suppose I *had* addressed her with all this tenderness and goodness, she might not have liked *me*—I believe, indeed, that her heart is engaged already,—her languid appearance,

pearance, sweet down-cast eyes, and sighs struggling for a vent,—all, all convince me that she *loves*.

Under the influence of this belief he prepared to go to rest, tho' not without a secret wish that he was the person beloved by her—Had he been assured of his consequence in her eyes, the pleasing certainty might have deprived him, perhaps, of repose.

He rose early, and going into the parlour, found Eudofia singing a plaintive air to the *piana forte*, every note of which went to his soul. He sat down by her—She quitted her chair immediately, and wishing him a good morning, was going to leave the room.

“Why will you fly from me, Eudofia, said he, tenderly taking her hand:—Do you grudge me the pleasure I have just felt from your charming taste and execution? may I venture to ask for the repetition of that affecting air?”

Her heart was melted by the soothing tones of his melodious voice—She sat down again, and with a smile which rendered her inexpressibly lovely, began another air equally pathetic.

“ Dear, obliging girl, said he, how much am I indebted to you for this complaisance? for the unspeakable delight you have given me? Let me hear both those divine airs again.”

While he was proceeding in an ecstatic strain, Miss Grey came into the room, and with a frown at Eudisia forced her to quit her seat and to retire.

Sir Edward could not avoid paying her the compliment of desiring to hear her.—She told him she could not play upon the *piana forte*; “ She hated such a dull stupid instrument; it always made her melancholy.”

“ Your sister, I think, excels upon it,” said he, with his heart full of the harmony he had heard.

“O she is the stupidest of all animals, replied she; there is no life, no spirit in her: but indeed she is vastly ignorant, that’s one thing.”

Sir Edward, hurt extremely by this sarcasm thrown out against his admired Eudofia, answered, “Supposing Miss Eudofia, madam, to be the very person you say she is, would you not shew more kindness by concealing a sister’s failings, than by unfeelingly exposing them? but neither your contempt nor your praise can alter my opinion with regard to that amiable creature.”

Miss Grey, really surprized at this reply, reddened with anger and vexation—“I don’t understand you, sir, but shall make Dossy explain your meaning.”

Fearing that his ill-timed encomiums on the agreeable Dossy should provoke her sister to make her life uneasy, he began to be alarmed, and therefore endeavoured to soften what he had said, by looking with more complacency, and giving a less exception-

able turn to his expressions. He determined, however, from that hour, to make no more impassioned speeches to Miss Grey, as he no longer felt any inclination for her : but resolved, at the same time, to watch Dossy very closely, in order to see if he could discover for whom she sighed.

Lady Grey severely chid her for singing and playing in the parlour, and commanded her to take her instrument into her own room, if she *must* be eternally thrumming upon it.

She obeyed, but her obedience was accompanied with many painful sensations : painful in proportion to the pleasing ones which *fancy* told her she had excited in the bosom of Sir Edward.

She soon found that the attentions of this amiable man had occasioned the mortifications which she received, almost every moment, from her mother and sister : she, therefore, continued to avoid him, without seeming to do so.

In the evening, my lady and Miss Grey asked Sir Edward to favour them with his company upon a visit to a neighbouring family; Sir James seized *that* opportunity to take Eudofia to see Mrs. and Miss Cranmer.

The evening was remarkably fine; but lady Grey finding her neighbour's room grow too warm for her, from the crowd of company which poured in, returned sooner than she intended to the Park.

Sir Edward hearing that Sir James and Eudofia were gone to take a walk, sauntered out in hopes of meeting them, and was not disappointed.

At the sight of the amiable girl his heart bounded with joy—He ran, he flew to her side, while her cheeks glowed with pleasure, at the wished-for but unexpected rencontre. She never, he thought, looked so lovely. After having paid his compliments to Sir James he said in a low voice to *her*, “You have had a pleasant walk: it has given you a colour which becomes you exceedingly.”

E 4

“We

"We have indeed spent a very agreeable evening, said she; we always spend such an evening at the place we come from."

"You have been making a visit then," replied Sir Edward, with an altered voice, which to any person of penetration must have discovered the uneasiness he felt;

"You have been to see a friend."

"A very amiable one indeed."

Sir Edward sighed, tho' he certainly had no reason to infer from her answer, that the friend whom she had visited was of his own sex: there was rather a contrary implication in it: however he could not get rid of his suspicions—to be satisfied with regard to the justness or unjustness of them he replied, "'Tis a wonder that your friend did not accompany you home: at least part of the way, as the evening is so fine: yet surely he wanted not *that* for an inducement to walk with you."

Sir James here interrupted him, by pointing out to him a beautiful view.

Eudofia

Eudofia had then time to recover herself from the sudden flow of joy which she felt on his coming to meet her ; her joy however was damped when she considered that she could not with propriety indulge it ; and a sigh escaping from her gentle bosom, was heard by Sir Edward, who was not so attentive to Sir James's observations on the country round them, as to be regardless of *her*.

Softly seizing her hand, " You sigh, cried he, because you have left this amiable, this happy friend."

" Indeed I don't—Will not pleasing sensations sometimes make us sigh as well as painful ones ?"

" Undoubtedly—The most tender, the most delicate satisfactions almost always raise these gentle emotions in our bosoms, and you have, I suppose, just experienced a satisfaction of this kind," continued he, looking at her as if he wished to read her inmost thoughts.

" I have."

E. 5

" Would

"Would I could see this friend!" replied he eagerly.

"I would not have my friend seen by you," said she with a bewitching smile.

"Do you hear her, Sir James?"

As Sir James was listening to what passed between them, Sir Edward directed this question to him in hopes of drawing him to make a discovery. Sir James, however, knew too well Mrs. Cranmer's great desire to keep herself concealed, and had too great a regard for her to betray her; he therefore replied, in equivocal terms, and with a rallying tone; but Sir Edward, as lovers are commonly the most ingenious self-tormentors, looked upon what he said as a serious confirmation of his apprehensions. He was now convinced that Eudofia had a favourite, and that he was privately encouraged by her father, but unknown to the rest of the family. By these hasty conclusions his spirits were so much lowered, that he said little during the remainder of the walk, tho' Eudofia frequently

quently addressed herself to him; he appeared in a profound reverie, and was indeed the *absent man* during the whole evening.

Sir James's visit to Mrs. Cranmer's was a very welcome one, as she had not seen him for some time, and as she had received a second letter from Mr. Darnley, wherein he again intreated her to permit him to throw himself at her feet, and to solicit the favour of Miss Cranmer's hand.—“I have positively refused to admit him, said she, without his father's consent. He has been continually seen walking about the house and grounds, watching every motion: he has attempted to bribe our maid Susan to deliver a letter to *Hebe*, at the same time swearing that his designs were most honourable.—As his letters have been rejected, he cannot hope for success; but I am, notwithstanding afraid that he may have recourse to some unwarrantable measures, and heartily wish that my daughter had never been seen by him.”

Sir James again offered any of his servants, but she told him that she would not avail herself of their attendance upon her till she thought their assistance was more wanted. "I will only take the liberty, continued she, to make use of you both as a neighbour and a friend, if I or my daughter should be in a dangerous situation."

While Sir James and Mrs. Cranmer were talking in the parlour, Hebe and Eudofia were not silent in the garden: the latter, full of her own sentiments with regard to Sir Edward, asked her friend if she was not very much affected with Mr. Darnley's perseverance.

"Not at all."

"Why, don't you think him an agreeable man?"

"Not particularly so: but indeed I have not taken much notice of him since the first time I saw him, and then, his standing idle and laughing, instead of endeavouring either to oppose his friend, or to persuade him to desist from his purpose,

pose, gave me a disgust to him which I shall not easily conquer. A man so very destitute of delicacy, my dear Miss Grey, can never, I imagine, be extremely amiable."

Eudofia entirely agreed with her; but as she could not help thinking Sir Edward both amiable and delicate in the highest degree, she could not suppress a sigh occasioned by her reflections.

"I fancy, my dear friend, cried Hebe with great vivacity, that I have too hastily condemned Mr. Darnly: if he has not pleased *me*, he has had the good fortune to be agreeable to *you*."

"No, indeed, I thought not of him," replied Eudofia, with a tone which convinced Miss Cranmer that she spoke the truth, "but if I *had* thought of him, I should have been disappointed, as he is so entirely devoted to *you*: it is the idlest thing in the world to prefer a man who places all his happiness in the smiles of another."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Hebe,

be, "but I fancy you will never feel yourself in such a condition; I certainly should have too much pride to attach myself to a man whose heart was already engaged."

"When once a woman is really in love," said Eudofia, "her pride will, I believe, give way to a gentler passion: I don't know whether you will forgive me, my dear Hebe, but according to the very small idea I have of love, every selfish passion must be instantly subdued by it; and as pride must undoubtedly be reckoned such a passion, I fancy I should, were I heartily in for it, only think of making the person whom I loved happy—Don't mistake me Hebe, (seeing her start)—I mean innocently so."

"I believe you," replied Miss Cranmer, "but yet give me leave, Eudofia, to say, that when a woman is heartily in for it, to repeat your own phrase, how can she be sure that she will always be able to resist the indiscreet advances of a beloved object, if she has not a strong sense of what is due to herself, and will not summon her pride to her aid, should it be necessary. A very sensible

ble

ble author, well acquainted with the world, tells us with much archness, and not without reason, that pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling."

"Our sentiments are the same upon this subject, Hebe, but I shall never, I dare say, be inclined to love a man who has so little respect for me, as to desire any improper condescensions from me—Should such a man treat me with unbecoming familiarities, I should soon cease to esteem him."

"You imagine so *now*, while your heart is free my dear," replied Miss Cranmer laughing, "but most men are, I am afraid, of an encroaching disposition; it is better therefore in every respect, to be guarded against them".

Eudisia, feeling the force of every word which her young friend had uttered, was reflecting deeply on what she had heard, when she met Sir Edward.

The next morning Sir James and Lady Grey received a card from Lord Haverford, with an invitation to a ball, in which
both

both their daughters, particularly Eudofia, were mentioned.

My lady felt her heart bound with joy, at having an opportunity to let Sir Edward see that they were so respected by their neighbours, and at having it in her power to shew Lord Haverford and Mr. Darnly what a fine conquest her daughter had made. She immediately, therefore, wrote an answer, but was in such a flurry that she wrote absolute nonsense—Sir James did not care to tell her so in plain terms, but he ventured to make *some* objections, and particularly reminded her of her omission with regard to Eudofia's name.

“I don't intend to take her.”

“Indeed but she *must* go—’Tis time now my lady to take her to every place, especially as your eldest daughter is engaged; my Dossy now should take her turn.”

“Oh there's no fear of her, she's forward enough; but my Caroline is not married yet: it will be time enough when *she* is gone to take the other.”

Sir

Sir James, who was extremely fond of Eudofia, happening to be in high spirits, began to grow rather positive; my lady grew loud—Sir Edward and Miss Grey accidentally came into the parlour while they were vehemently altercating, "*she shall; she shall not*"—Those were at first the only intelligible words. At length they both said so much, that the nature of the debate was sufficiently to be comprehended. Sir Edward finding it very interesting, turned to Miss Grey and said, "Do madam, take a liberty which I dare not, and intercede with my lady for your sister."

"No indeed, Sir Edward," replied she haughtily; "I will not interfere in their disputes: 'tis nothing to me whether she goes or no"—"To oblige *me* then, Miss Grey, for I confess I am weak enough to wish to procure pleasure for another rather than for myself."

"You may speak for her then, sir, if you please; the girl no doubt will be vastly obliged to you; tho' I fancy she would like as well to be poring over her
books

books and her music, or taking a walk to Mrs. Cranmer's."

This last word struck his ear, and he determined not to forget the name, that he might find out who Mrs. Cranmer was; but it made him more eager than ever to have Doffy of the party to Lord Haverford's ball. He therefore stepped in, just in time, between Sir James and my lady, while the latter grew almost too powerful for her husband, and intreated her ladyship with so much good humour to permit Eudofia to accompany them, that she could not tell how to refuse his request, especially as she had not, from his manner of soliciting, the slightest suspicions concerning his motives.

Eudofia was soon informed by her father of her being to go to the ball, and at whose intercession: and that intelligence gave her the only pleasure she was capable of receiving upon the occasion, as the amusement to which she had been invited, was in her opinion, a very trifling one—

Strongly

Strongly desirous to appear agreeable to the man who had taken so much pains to make her of the party; she dressed with more spirit than she had yet done. As she always studied the *becoming* as well as the *fashionable*, she came down ready to attend her mother and sister, in a pale blush lute-string negligée, with no ornaments at all; she had a fine laced tucker and ruffles, and a small black laced tippet crossed over her neck, which rendered it more conspicuously lovely; so happy was the contrast occasioned by it: her hair dark and glossy, was curled small and high, while a few straggling locks were suffered to wanton over her fair forehead, and nothing concealed the least part of her shining hair but a little blond puff with a white feather on one side.

When she came into the room, Sir Edward was quite struck with the pleasing simplicity of her figure, but when advancing nearer, he beheld the dazzling whiteness of her snowy bosom, he was absolutely transported:

transported : he could scarce curb the raptures which he felt at the unexpected sight of so much beauty, ease, and elegance combined.

Just when he was making her a compliment extremely well adapted to her appearance, Miss Grey darted into the room, magnificently shewy, and loaded with ribbons, flowers, jewels, and the most childish gewgaws : her lovely face was hardly discoverable thro' all the decorations : she looked indeed like a fine picture in a tawdry frame.—Having heard, however, what Sir Edward said to her sister, she was willing to come in for *her* share of his encomiums, and pushing up between them, placed herself directly before him, looking as if she waited for a speech ; but Sir Edward finding nothing worthy of a panegyrick, only bowed and drew back.

Stung with his flagrant neglect, she resolved to make him suffer for it afterwards, but *then*, satisfied with shewing her resentment

ment by a flirt with her fan, and a malicious smile, she got into the coach.

Sir James went in Sir Edward's post-chariot, in order to accommodate his family.

When the ball began, Sir Edward asked Miss Grey for her hand during the evening, she refused it scornfully; but by so doing, tho' she surprized him, she also gave him pleasure, as he was, by her scornful behaviour, at liberty to solicit Eudofia for a partner: however, on his paying her the compliment, tho' in a more earnest manner, she replied with an honest concern, that Mr. Darnly had engaged her as soon as she came in. Sir Edward told her, he wished he had begged that favour before she left home, (a smile however made him some amends for his disappointment) and looked out for a lady with whom no gallantry would be necessary, as he determined to devote the rest of the evening to *observation*. He was indeed rejoiced at

Miss

94 THE FAVOURITE.

Miss Grey's having given him so fair an opportunity to come to an open rupture with her, but he was, nevertheless, resolved not to proceed to extremities till he had given himself time to find out Eudofia's sentiments concerning him.

In the dances he took care to be as near Eudofia as possible, to watch *her* and her partner; and he soon discovered that Mr. Darnly behaved with more respect than gallantry, yet was very eager to seize every moment for a little chat aside with her. To Sir Edward's unspeakable satisfaction, she seemed averse to his chat, but in every other respect, behaved with great ease and politeness to him. Sir Edward fancied that Mr. Darnly was very much in love with her, and that he had taken this method of desiring his father to insist strenuously upon her being at the ball, in order to snatch opportunities to render himself agreeable to her, before he made a positive declaration of his sentiments in her favour. Perceiving,

ceiving, however, that she shewed no partiality for Darnly, he resolved to avail himself of the same experiment, and to try to get possession of her heart, if it was not pre-disposed of. With this view he instantly began to renew his attentions about her, and to double his assiduities. She received them with a timid kind of pleasure, as if she feared to indulge the satisfaction which they gave her: they threw her indeed into no small confusion, as she imagined that all his gallantry ought to be confined to her sister. She was still more amazed at his not going down one dance with Miss Grey, and at his appearing not in the least chagrined to see her with another partner; nor was he less surprized at finding that Mr. Darnly seemed to have no dislike to his-increasing attentions to Eudofia, but that he rather looked willing to become acquainted with him: that young gentleman, indeed, had proposed the invitation of Eudofia to his father, and had danced with her on purpose to discover

Miss

Miss Cranmer's sentiments about him, by conversing freely with her as with a friend, as dancing is generally very favourable to such designs : but Eudofia, who had both too much honour and too much delicacy to betray her young friend, had she really known that she approved of Mr. Darnly ; still less likely was she to gratify his curiosity, as she had great reason to believe he was not particularly distinguished by her. Darnly, however, persevered in hopes of gaining the secret from her at last ; and Sir Edward persisted in giving every proof of his attachment to her, in his power, which she felt to a degree beyond expression, tho' she strove to keep her feelings to herself.

When the hour for returning home came, Sir Edward almost snatched Eudofia from Darnly, put her into the coach, and seated himself by her. During the ride, as neither my lady nor Miss Grey were in a humour to talk, he asked her a thousand questions concerning the entertainment,
and

and told her he feared she was over-fatigued. While he disclosed his fears, he stole his hand to hers, pressed it without knowing what he was about, and even forgot to take it away again: Eudofia too felt such thrilling emotions at his tender pressures, that she could make no effort to remove it.

During the hours allotted to repose, Sir Edward and Eudofia were both in a restless condition; Sir Edward was particularly unquiet; he found himself extremely embarrassed, and at a loss how to conduct an affair which grew so very interesting, and on the happy management of which his peace so much depended. Charmed with Eudofia more and more, he began to flatter himself that she was not quite insensible to his attentions about her, yet wished to be certain that he was not mistaken, as he came into the family Miss Grey's declared lover. He soon, indeed, discerned Eudofia's superior merit, but how could it be supposed that he should break with her sis-

ter after having gone so far. " Besides, may she not impute this sudden change to the fickleness of my temper, and despise me for it? or admitting that she is pleased with my avowed preference, will Sir James, or will my lady, who appears to me a more formidable character, consent to my addressing the youngest daughter, after having made proposals to the eldest?"

Such was his soliloquy, and exceedingly was he perplexed by the reflections which gave birth to it, wishing most earnestly to be assured of Eudisia's preferring him to every other man, as he preferred her to every other woman; he rose without having closed his eyes, and went into the garden to think with less interruption.

Eudisia, who had been too much affected by his insinuating behaviour, to enjoy the sweets of sleep, went also into the garden, without knowing that he was there.

He saw her at a distance, and immediately resolved to make her acquainted with the difference he had had with her sister.

sister. "I will try at least to make this amiable girl my friend," said he to himself, as he advanced to meet her.

She blushed when she saw him, quite undetermined whether to go or stay, and was just turning back when he caught her hand, and, with a tender air, intreated her to tell him why she wanted to avoid him — "What have I done, my dear Miss Eudofia," continued he, "to deserve so severe a punishment?"

"Nothing," replied she, with as tender a tone, tho' she did not venture to lift up her glowing face to his.

"Stay then, and hear me," cried he. "I have been so deceived," continued he, after a little pause, while he held her apron, walking by her side, "in your sister, that I never will again believe woman to be amiable merely because she is beautiful: a sweet disposition, an agreeable behaviour, and a suitableness throughout, are requisites which Miss Grey will ever want, in my opinion: yet do not condemn me, dear Dof-

fy," added he, " I did at first not discover the want of these attractions in Miss Caroline, tho' I discovered at first, infinite merit in her valuable sister," looking earnestly at Eudofia and pressing her hand.

" You may be then equally deceived in *me*, Sir Edward," replied she, " I have a thousand faults, which you will undoubtedly find out, if you *have not* already, on a nearer acquaintance."

" I cannot be of your way of thinking in this point, Eudofia—On the contrary, I discover every day new charms, not only in your person and conversation, but in your every look and action. In a very little while I became sensible that Miss Grey's many bad qualities would never keep a heart: a pretty face may please at the first view, but how short-lived will be the pleasure resulting from the sight of it. In *yours* there are beauties of a far superior kind to those in your sister's: beauties arising from a strong expression of sentiment, and sensibility in it, which will give
my

my soul unspeakable delight, when all your perishable charms are hastening to decay. I cannot therefore any longer entertain thoughts of Caroline—She has indeed given me a fair opportunity to break off an engagement which had never been formed if I had seen *you* before I beheld *her*. However, as you may possibly doubt my sincerity, or have a slight opinion of my constancy, I am ready to submit to any trial you chuse to make of both, provided you will only tell me, that if you find yourself not imposed upon by me, you will receive me agreeably to my wishes.”

This was a declaration which Eudofia had not in the least expected; and she was hardly able to support herself under the agreeable surprize which it gave her. From the first sight of Sir Edward she had thought him the most attractive man in the world, and his attentions about her had increased her prejudices in his favour; yet she knew the dispositions of her mother

and sister well enough to be certain that they would never bear quietly Sir Edward's determination, nor indeed did she believe that her father would tamely brook such an affront to her sister. She was, nevertheless, so rejoiced to find she was so agreeable to a man absolutely necessary to her happiness, that she was agitated beyond expression. She blushed and turned pale alternately, and was ready to sink under the different emotions which distracted her.

Sir Edward having watched her attentively, and consequently perceived the tumult which his declaration had occasioned in her gentle bosom, said to her, throwing his arm round her, "Are you ill? or have I been unfortunate enough to drop any thing to make you uneasy? let me lead you to a seat."

"I am not very well, Sir Edward, and shall be glad to sit down."

She could speak no more—She grew paler. He caught her in his arms and carried her to a little rustic temple, in which it

was

was some time before she recovered from the flurry arising from the abrupt disclosure of his partiality for her. While he was fondly hanging over her, he gave so many tender proofs of the concern he felt on her account that she grew better. As soon as she was in a condition to walk, she rose up to go in.

“ Will you leave me, Eudofia, before you have told me, whether I may hope for the happiness of making an impression on your excellent heart ? ”

“ I cannot enter upon this subject, Sir Edward : you are received by Sir James and my lady as my sister’s lover ; it will therefore be unpardonable in me to encourage you to talk in the manner you have just done. I must leave you, Sir.”

“ My dear good girl, I am thoroughly sensible that I cannot expect to be received by you, till I have actually withdrawn myself from your sister, by plainly assuring her I will not marry, because I cannot

love her.—I will tell her so this very day —I only wish to know first, if I may flatter myself that I am not quite disagreeable to you, lest Sir James, influenced by my lady, should deprive me of all opportunities to learn from your own lips what I so much long to hear from them. Only tell me, whether you can ever love me? and I will then undertake to bring Sir James and my lady to consent to your being mine.”

Eudofia could certainly have returned an answer immediately to his satisfaction, but fearing she should act indiscretely, by reckoning upon what he had declared, and apprehensive also, that as Sir Edward had been so soon disgusted with her sister, he would not be long attached to *her*; she determined on recollection, to keep her sentiments concerning him, entirely in her own mind. Re-assuring him therefore, that she could not stay any longer in the garden, she walked out of the temple, and left him incapable of following her, so disagreeably was he astonished at her discouraging

raging departure, as he had, from the gentleness and complacency of her behaviour to him, flattered himself that she was by no means averse to him; her frequent blushes, especially when she addressed him, and the emotions which she could not always conceal, had not a little contributed to make him so flatter himself; but as she had declined answering a question of so interesting a nature, and actually left him ignorant of her sentiments with regard to him, he began to fancy that he had been egregiously mistaken about her, imputing her obliging carriage and the amiable confusion which she generally discovered on his advances to her, merely to her good humour and modesty; two qualities indeed so very engaging, that they fixed him to her more firmly than ever.

While he remained behind ruminating on what had passed, he began a second time to imagine that his suspicions concerning Darnly had not been too hastily harboured; his vexation therefore, on

Darnly's account, returned with double force, and he was so disappointed, so disconcerted, that he could not bring himself to make a living creature privy to this affair.

When he went back to the house, and met the family at breakfast, he behaved pretty much in his usual manner, not at all particular in his carriage to Caroline, but his respectful tenderness to Eudisia was inexpressibly pleasing to her: yet as she greatly doubted his sincerity, and was exceedingly afraid of finding him but too agreeable, she affected to take as little notice of him as possible, and kept herself as much out of his way as she could. In the mean time Miss Grey, who, notwithstanding her ridiculous behaviour, loved Sir Edward as well as she was capable of loving any body, and had only treated him in the manner already mentioned, because, from her pride, folly, and ill-nature, she had taken it into her head that it was necessary to shew her power, was provoked beyond

beyond all endurance to perceive, that instead of humbling himself to her, and begging to hear what had induced her to behave to him with such indifference, he more than returned *that* indifference, by paying all his attentions to her sister. Those attentions were alone sufficient to irritate her against them both, especially against Eudofia, of whom she complained to my lady, telling her that it would be impossible for her to keep a man to herself, as Dossy would never let them be together.

In consequence of her favourite's complaint, Lady Grey called Eudofia to her, and after having severely reprimanded her for her forwardness, informed her, that if she troubled herself any more about Sir Edward, she should never see him again.

Poor Eudofia, who from this reprimand began to fear that his last conversation with her had been overheard, was sorry on his account; but reflected with pleasure on her having been so discreet as not to make him

an answer, which would have encreased her mother's anger and her sister's jealousy : she assured the former that she would avoid Sir Edward as much as possible ; and at that moment really intended to encourage no interviews with him. Finding, indeed, that he had not kept his word, by renouncing his engagement with her sister, but that he was still looked upon both by my lady and Caroline, as one who was soon to be related to them, she could not help accusing herself of the highest imprudence in having listened to him, and in having supposed he should ever be any thing to her. " He certainly never intended to be serious : by endeavouring to persuade me therefore, that he was so, he has grossly affronted me ; he deserves not to be noticed but by contempt and disregard."

Eudofia was hurt, to be obliged to treat Sir Edward with the indifference and with the contempt which he, in her opinion, merited ; but as she considered herself under a necessity of so treating him, for the preservation

THE FAVOURITE. 109

preservation of her character and her peace, she resolved to shew at once her duty to her mother and her regard for Caroline.

During these unhappineffes in Sir James's family, Mr. Darnly, more and more in love with Miss Cranmer, took every method he could think of to prevail on his father to consent to his union with her : but Lord Haverford not being disposed to receive such an obscure girl—so he called her—as his daughter, gave him a positive refusal, which affected him so deeply that he fell sick. The physicians who attended him were not willing to own that his disorder was beyond the reach of medicine, but nothing which they prescribed was efficacious : he fell into a weak languid condition, and the sight of him in that condition made his father exceedingly uneasy.

Lord Haverford finding that he gained no relief from physic, urged him to take a tour to the south of France, hoping that
another

PRO THE FAVOURITE.

another climate, a new air, and the new objects he must unavoidably meet with, would prove salutary to him.

No sooner had my lord mentioned the removal to France, than Darnly changed colour, and desired he might on no account be hurried out of England; declaring that he could enjoy no happiness if he was not near Miss Cranmer, tho' forbidden to think of obtaining her.

My lord, who really had not believed that he was so foolishly fond of the girl, endeavoured for some time to reason him out of his ridiculous passion, and made several proposals which might, he hoped, give a turn to his thoughts, but to no purpose. Mr. Darnly, at length, ventured to tell his father plainly, that he did not desire to live without Hebe: adding, that as her mother had peremptorily refused her consent without his lordship's approbation, he had entirely given up all expectations of felicity in this world.

My

THE FAVOURITE. III

My lord left him for a while to reflect more seriously than he had yet done. Then fearing, from the great change his illness had made in him, that his life might be in danger, he asked him if the girl, of whom he was so fond, had an equal inclination for *him*: he replied, that as her mother never would admit him to visit her without his lordship's consent, he had had no opportunity to endeavour to make himself agreeable to her.

Lord Haverford expressed much surprise at this disinterested behaviour in a person, who, from the intelligence he had received about her, had but a very slender income indeed for her support.

“What then,” said my lord, “have you made no acquaintance with the daughter? tho’ Mrs. Cranmer has refused you admittance, the girl may perhaps contrive privately to give you encouragement: the girls of this age have generally art enough to elude all the vigilance of their mothers.”

“Hebe

“ Hebe Cranmer, my lord, is very different from the common run of females ; she is as good as she is lovely, and would on no account be disobedient, even if she *loved* : but I cannot flatter myself (sighing) that I have made any impression upon her tender heart ; yet were I at liberty to offer *mine* to her, time and my continued assiduities might perhaps render her susceptible of that passion which I feel, in spite of her apparent insensibility, for *her*.”

“ Well then,” replied my lord, unwilling to increase his indisposition, and to plunge him into despair, “ try to please her ; you have *my* consent.”

Darnly, transported almost out of his senses, at this kind permission, threw himself at his father’s feet, and paid his grateful acknowledgments in the warmest terms. That he might not lose a single moment, he dressed immediately, and hastened to Mrs. Cranmer’s dwelling.

She came to him by herself ; but neither the alteration in his looks, at which
she

she was shocked, nor his repeated assurances with regard to his father's consent, could prevail on her to let him see Miss Cranmer. "You must excuse me, sir; unless my lord pleases to signify his approbation personally, I cannot suffer Hebe to appear."

In vain did Mr. Darnly relate over and over all that had passed between his father and himself; in vain did he tell her how much he had endured from his illness under so cutting a disappointment: his words had not any effect upon her; he was therefore obliged to leave her without getting *one* look at his admired Miss Cranmer.

He hurried back to his father, who expressed the greatest astonishment at Mrs. Cranmer's behaviour:—"She must be a very extraordinary woman! I will return with you to the cottage after dinner."—He did so—They both entered the parlour before Miss Cranmer, not expecting her lover again so soon, had time to make
her

her escape : however, neither she nor her mother discovered the least embarrassment, nor were they disconcerted. Hebe blushed indeed, but her blushes were occasioned by the impassionate earnestness with which Darnly gazed on her, while Mrs. Cranmer, with a dignity and grace entirely unexpected by Lord Haverford, received him, when his son made him known to her. As soon as his lordship recovered from the surprize, into which he had been thrown by the appearance and behaviour of the mother and the daughter, he addressed some very polite compliments to them. "I am justly punished," continued he, "for being so incredulous as not to believe my son, who has often talked to me about my amiable neighbours, to whom I am now speaking; I beg we may be better acquainted, and desire also that Mr. Darnly's visits may be admitted—He must have been indeed an absolute stoic, to behold such a figure as Miss Cranmer without being charmed."

Hebe's

Hebe's fair cheeks were again in a glow. My lord then particularly addressed himself to her, told her how much his son had suffered for want of *his* approbation, which he had withheld entirely from being ignorant of her attractions. "I hope, Miss Cranmer," added he, "you will now have a little consideration: you will, I hope, now pity Darnly's condition, into which his late illness has brought him, and encourage him to hope that he is not a disagreeable object in your eyes."

Darnly, transported to hear his father plead so warmly for him, and indeed, not a little surprised at the same time, turned his eyes towards him, and in the strongest manner *looked* gratitude; he then fixed them on Hebe waiting for *her* decision.

With an inexpressible sweetness in her voice, and with much dignity in her air, she replied, "Your lordship does me great honour by condescending to think about me, but as the best of mother's is intitled to my strictest obedience, I refer you to
her

her for an answer, which will be accompanied with my dutiful concurrence."

"You are quite at liberty my dear, to say what you please to this gentleman," said Mrs. Cranmer.

"How considerate you are, madam," said Darnly, with a respectful bow, to Mrs. Cranmer: "May I not Miss Cranmer," continued he, turning to her with a supplicating air, "expect your permission to throw myself at your feet? May I not hope for every thing in time from your favour?"

"We are quite strangers to each other at present, sir," replied Hebe, with a serious look; "and people cannot be acquainted with each other in a few days."

The coolness with which this reply was delivered, very much affected Darnly, as he had flattered himself that every obstacle was removed on his father's consenting to his passion for Hebe—greatly was he mortified, to find her not so ready to receive him, as he imagined she would have been.

been. He endeavoured however, not to discover his feelings : after having again solicited her permission to visit her, he took his leave with his father.

When they were by themselves, Lord Haverford owned to his son, that the sight of two such women, fit to grace a drawing-room, buried in a cottage, had considerably astonished him.—Darnly, under his heavy disappointment, was only comforted by his father's affectionate behaviour, who, while he bestowed due encomiums on the merit of his Hebe, appeared to be still farther satisfied with his attachment to her.

As soon as Mrs. Cranmer and her daughter were in private, the former, embracing the latter, expressed herself in the following terms : “ To see you my dear, in a way to be settled in so advantageous and so honourable a manner gives me no small satisfaction ; and that satisfaction is indeed increased by my lord's approbation of his son's choice, for I have seen few
mar-

marriages happy which have not been blessed with the consent of the parents on both sides : yet I would not on any account, my dear child, have you engage yourself to a man whom you cannot love ; I would not have your duty and your inclination at variance : tell me, therefore, Hebe, and tell me freely, what do you think of Mr. Darnly ?”

“ I know so little of him, my dear madam,———”

“ That’s true, my love ; but tell me, my best girl, and be not afraid to open your heart to your fond mother : is any other man, in the slightest degree, preferred to Mr. Darnly ?”

“ No, indeed, madam ; all men have been hitherto equally indifferent to me : your Hebe, believe her, would not conceal any thing of that nature from her dearest, most indulgent mother.”

Mrs. Cranmer again declared her satisfaction with regard to the appearances in Hebe’s favour, who was no otherwise
pleased

pleased with them, than as they seemed to promise an addition to her mother's felicity. —Mrs. Cranmer's satisfaction upon this occasion was in truth so very great, that Hebe strove to be more contented than she really was, in hopes of increasing it; for with regard to Mr. Darnly, she had ever beheld him without any prepossessions. She could not, indeed, entirely divest herself of compassion for a man not unamiable, for a man who had been, according to his father's declaration, as well as his own, rendered very unhappy for want of that father's sanction to his love—She rather thought it would be cruel to crush his hopes, just when he had obtained the longed-for consent, tho' she felt no sort of desire to cherish them. Besides, her mother's happiness was an object of so much consequence to her, that had she felt no pity for Darnly, she would have acted in such a manner as to promote it, whatever she endured from the conflict between thwarting sensations.

Darnly,

Darnly, half distracted at the coldness of Hebe's behaviour, hardly closed his eyes all night. After having waited with impatience till he thought he might decently make his visit, he dressed and flew to the house which contained all that was most dear to him.

Mrs. Cranmer and Hebe were ready to receive him; the latter looked as if she neither expected nor wished to see him, yet she treated him with politeness: but where is the lover satisfied with politeness alone? She smiled and appeared handsome as an angel: as an angel he gazed at her with admiration, but made no progress with all his tender assiduities—She always indeed was obliging and good-humoured, but never seemed to be in the least *touched* by the passionate speeches he addressed to her; neither did she ever discover any concern at his leaving her, any pleasure at his return: his only consolation was, that she exhibited no sign of *aversion* to him; he therefore redoubled his attentions to please her, and hoped, by perseverance, to make her feel emotions similar to his own. He
actually

actually almost wearied himself to death, lowered as he was by his indisposition, to think on something which might hit her taste, and fall in with her humour: but he wearied himself to little purpose. She received, it is true, the elegant presents he was continually making her; but she would have been better pleased if he had not given himself so much trouble, and laid out so much money unnecessarily, on her account, as she had no passion for the expensive part of dress, seldom wore any ornaments, and never wished to be seen at any of the publick diversions: reading was her chief delight, music and drawing filling up many of her leisure hours. She fingered the mandoline in a charming taste, and sung sweetly to it: at Darnly's request she sung and played, and gave him, on being earnestly intreated, some views of the *environs*, which she had taken herself. He grew every day more and more enraptured with her, but sighed for a return of that tenderness which he felt every moment increasing. Eager to become possessed of

the woman whom he adored, and hoping that when her duty obliged her to refuse him nothing, he might have still happier opportunities to endear himself to her, he pressed with extreme importunity for the conclusion of an affair, about which he had endured anxiety not to be described.

Hebe, tho' very obliging, and ready to comply with every reasonable request, declared so vehemently against his precipitation, that he was necessitated to act the submissive, instead of the impatient lover; but no lover ever submitted to the will of his mistress with more reluctance.

Mr. Darnly's visit to the cottage was soon known to every body at the *Park*: Sir James and Eudossia had been informed of them before by their friends. When my lady received the information, she flew into the parlour in which all the family were assembled, ready for their tea, with Sir Edward among them—"Well! I declare I never was more surprized: can Mr. Darnly be actually going to marry that low ob-

scure

scure girl of your acquaintance, Sir James, at the cottage?" (with a malicious sneer) "Why, my lady, did'n't you tell me from my first interview with them, that Mr. Darnly would, you was certain, admire Miss Cranmer?" "I did," replied she eagerly; "but I never told you that Lord Haverford would consent to such a preposterous alliance."

"Pray, madam," said Sir Edward, who remembered the name of Cranmer pronounced with so much scorn by Miss Grey, when speaking of Eudofia's attachment to Hebe, "Pray who is Miss Cranmer?"

"That, I believe, Sir," replied she, "it is not very easy to know: at least *I* have made all possible enquiry after the creatures, and so has Caroline, but never could get the slightest intelligence, indeed, none at all about them; but perhaps Sir James can inform you, Sir; these strange people are some of *his* acquaintance; no doubt *he* is entrusted with their secrets, tho' he never chose to let *me* into them."

"I cannot see the necessity of secrecy," replied Sir James, "because a lady and her daughter chuse to live retired; but had I received any secret intelligence about them, I certainly should not have communicated it to you, my dear, as you have expressed so great a dislike to them. They are the most amiable people in the world," continued he, turning to Sir Edward, "and the young lady is going to be married to Mr. Darnly."

Lady?—such ladies!—some little adventurer, I'll lay my life."

"Why really," answered Sir James, "if there had been the least opening for scandal, it would have had a quick circulation in a country village; every body's affairs are immediately inquired into, and spread with surprizing velocity: therefore as nothing has transpired detrimental to the lovely Hebe and her excellent mother, we may be pretty sure, I think, that their lives have afforded nothing for the gratification of censoriousness."

"Ay,

"Ay, you have very strange notions of people and things," replied my lady in a heat; "but I know what I know, and you had better not have brought them here, that's all, Sir James."

"I don't remember ever to have seen those ladies here madam," said Sir Edward.

"Oh no!" replied she, "I saw them but once, that was quite enough—I don't want to see them or hear any more about them. Sir James indeed takes Dossy to visit them, because she wants improvement, and that's true enough, but she does not want to be taught to be forward: she is sufficiently ready to look after the men, and catch a husband as well as her pretty acquaintance."

Poor Eudofia was excessively shocked at this aspersions, which she in no shape merited. Her face and neck were like scarlet. Sir Edward not knowing how to understand my lady, hastily removed his eyes from the poor distressed girl, to give her

time to recover. Sir James, who was very much hurt to see her so [undeservedly treated, told his wife that Dossy wanted no instructions for the regulation of her behaviour; but added, that if any were necessary, nobody was more able to give them than Miss Cranmer.

“ Ay to be sure, you are an admirable judge, Sir James.”

“ As Mr. Darnly is going to be married to her with his father’s consent, her merit is indisputable. When a young woman is singled out from her sex by a man of rank, character, and fortune, she is, I think, very highly complimented: the addresses of such a man, at once declare her merit and reward it.”

The entrance of some neighbours precluded a reply: but Sir Edward had heard enough to know that Mr. Darnly was not Eudofia’s lover, and that Miss Cranmer was the friend of whom he had been jealous: yet there was an insinuation he thought, in her ladyship’s reflection upon
her

her daughter, that she *bad* a lover, tho' he could not find him out. He was the more ready to believe that he had a rival, as Eudofia had prevented him from seeing her alone ever since his last conversation with her, tho' he had endeavoured several times, but in vain, to seize opportunities to speak to her; neither had he been able to come to an *eclaircissement* with her sister.

Lady Grey and Caroline were both vexed and surprized at Sir Edward's behaviour; but neither of them cared to complain, lest they should drive him quite away. Conscious himself, of the impropriety of his conduct, he resolved to open his heart to Sir James; but yet he wished to make Dossy sensible of the total change of his sentiments, and to prevail on her to declare in his favour before he proceeded so far. "She once gave me sufficient reason to believe that she liked me; her carriage, now full of indifference, induces me to think that I have not made the wished-for impression on her tender heart;—I must

therefore act with precaution, and have recourse to some new methods."

Towards the close of the evening the company went into the gardens, which were extensive, and laid out in taste. Sir Edward contrived to be near Eudofia, as if by accident, and purposely chatted with her about common things, that she might not suspect any design. She was equally inclined to chat, as she had been desirous of an opportunity to clear herself from the charge brought against her by her mother, with regard to *forwardness*.—While she was considering how to introduce the subject on which her thoughts were chiefly employed, he asked her if Miss Cranmer was really so amiable as Sir James had declared her to be.

"I see her with partial eyes," replied Eudofia; "but she is, I think, admired by every body who is acquainted with her merit."

"I wish I could have that satisfaction—
Could you not, my dear Miss Eudofia, procure

cure it for me? you are her friend; give me leave to attend you to her house, some day."

"And why are you so eager to see her," answered she, with an anxiety which she could not hide; "she is already engaged."

"So am I," said he; "one may, however, wish to look upon a beautiful object."

"You cannot, perhaps, look on *her* with safety; for few have beheld her without losing their hearts; and as she is already disposed of, why should you wish to see her, only to make yourself unhappy?"

"I don't imagine that the sight of her would affect me at all: I only wish to become acquainted with her, to intreat her to prevail on you, over whom she has so much influence, to treat me with greater consideration; to be sincere and open with me upon a subject, which is in the highest degree interesting to me."

When he had uttered those words, uttered them with a particular earnestness, Eu-

dofia was strongly impelled, by the inclination which she had long felt for him, being strengthened by his touching behaviour, to enter upon the subject which ingrossed his attention. As some of the company advanced towards them, he took her by the hand, and gently drew her into a retired walk in the shrubbery, in which there was a little seat; he then insisted upon her staying, and hearing him, tho' she made several efforts to leave him—“What will they think of me, when they miss us?”

“Only give me a few moments.—You have for a long time shunned me, but when I was with your mother and sister, before whom I cannot speak—Only hear me, Eudofia; and then determine as you are prompted by inclination.—I must quit the *Park* very soon: when you are convinced of the sincerity of my intentions, you may be sorry, perhaps, that you had not suffered me to plead my own cause.”

Eudofia

Eudofia sat silent; while he as concisely as possible related his sensations from the time he first saw her sister at the Assembly Room to the present moment; assuring her, that as Miss Grey's disposition was so very much to be disliked by him, he never would marry her, whether *she* would accept of him or not?—"The charms which I every hour find in you, he concluded, urge me powerfully, to give up a woman so incapable of making me happy; and those charms certainly exclude any reluctance upon the occasion."

Eudofia heard him not with less emotion than she had listened to him before; but soon recovering from her embarrassment, said, with down-cast eyes, and a glowing face, "I dont know what to say to you, Sir Edward; you have not yet withdrawn your addresses from my sister; even at this moment both she and my mother are expecting you to hurry them to make the necessary preparations for your marriage."

"I believe they are, madam; but I cannot break off the match without quitting your father's house, unless he and you permit me to use my utmost endeavours to render myself agreeable to you.—Tell me, then, my dear Eudofia, will you listen to me.—Oh, tell me! this cruel suspense is worse than the certainty of being unsuccessful."

His looks, his voice, his touch—for he held both her hands in his while he spoke, and the strong impression in his impassioned eyes, pleaded so powerfully in his favour, that with an averted face, and half-suppressed sigh, she cried, "Speak to my father then, Sir Edward; I will do as he pleases."

"My dear, dear girl," replied he, pressing her hands to his bosom, and his lips, "I will do every thing to insure you mine."

"Let me go this minute then," said she, rising.

“ First tell me, Dossy, whether I must be indebted to your father entirely for the completion of my wishes ?”

“ Why, replied she,” with an arch smile, “ you did not think such a question necessary when you paid your addresses to my sister.”—

“ My dear girl, is there no difference between your sister and yourself.—I have for some time intended to marry: Miss Grey’s person, character, and connections were agreeable to me; and I could not have believed that so much pride and ill-nature lurked under so fine an exterior.—But the case is by no means the same with regard to *you*, my angel: your personal charms were *last* admired by me: however, as they are every day improving, the impression they have made on me will not be soon effaced.—No, Eudofia,—your excellent understanding, your quick sensibility, the bewitching *naïveté* of your behaviour, your dutiful and respectful carriage to *those* who are not deserving of the
regard

regard which you shew for them; these are the charms that have won my soul, and fixed me yours for ever."

Eudofia blushed and sighed.—She blushed at hearing the fond effusions of a man whom she had long secretly adored; and she sighed, because afraid that her mother and sister would take every step in their power to deprive her of him. She would have been fearful, therefore, of giving a loose to the feelings of her heart, had not her modesty restrained them. She had also still some doubts concerning his sincerity, tho' they gave her less and less disquiet. Yet, not all the elocution flowing from his lips, accompanied with the eloquence of his eyes, could prevail on her to stay any longer with him; but just as she was going to join the company, she began to consider what excuse she should make for having been so long absent.—"What can I say for myself," cried she with an alarmed aspect, and in a plaintive tone, "when they ask me where I have been?"

"Say

“ Say the truth, my Eudofia,” replied he : “ I will support you on this and on every other occasion : your mother will hardly venture to chide you in public ; when they are gone, step up stairs, and stay till I have spoke to Sir James : I will speak to him immediately.”

She consented to his request merely because she could not think of any thing better ; and only begged that they might return to the company separately.

He agreed to that intreaty.

As soon as she appeared, Miss Grey pulled her mother by the sleeve.—“ So madam,” said my lady, “ where have you been diverting yourself all this while ? upon my word you have made yourself very ridiculous.”

“ You must blame nobody but me, my lady,” said Sir Edward, making his appearance : “ I detained Miss Eudofia, very much against her inclination : I will give you my reason for detaining her another time.”

My

My lady only replied with a severe frown at him and at her daughter. Miss Grey turned her lip at them both with an ineffable contempt.

As soon as the visitors were gone, Eudofia, agreeably to Sir Edward's desire, went up stairs. He then took Sir James into the garden again, and explained his conduct in the most explicit terms; begging him, with the greatest earnestness, to promise him his Eudofia, if she would accept of him, and to advise him how to withdraw himself as a lover from Caroline, in the quietest manner.

Sir James very readily granted his request with regard to Eudofia—"As to Caroline," continued he, "neither she nor her mother will ever consent to your marriage with Dossy."

"If my lady could be brought over, I do not think it necessary to solicit Miss Grey's acquiescence."

"You are right, Sir Edward; but you had better let Caroline know that she must
look

look on you for the future only as a brother, tho' such a declaration will undoubtedly occasion a great uproar in the house."

"I will follow your advice, Sir James; 'tis an awkward task to tell a pretty girl so disagreeable a truth: however, to-morrow Miss Grey shall certainly be acquainted with my reasons for preferring her sister to her."

During supper he had address enough to keep my lady and Caroline in conversation, so that they had no leisure to quarrel with Eudofia.—They were determined, however, to quarrel with her in the morning before breakfast, but Sir Edward disappointed them. Being up early, he took care to walk near Eudofia's window, and hummed a tune so loud, that the sound brought her forward to see who was there.—He then in a low voice begged her to come down into the garden.—She was for some time doubtful; but curiosity or love, at length prompted him to follow her into the shrubbery, in which he had enjoyed so long a
con-

conversation with her the evening before.—He flew to her; and, at her feet, told her he was come to claim her promise, as Sir James had most kindly granted his request.

She raised him with a look full of timidity and joy; and, giving him her hand, said, “But what will become of my sister? what does *she* say? how can *she* consent to resign you?”

“Would it then cost you so much, my Dossy,” said he, “were you in *her* place, to resign me?—Assure me but of that, and I shall be the happiest of men.”

“You answer my question,” replied she, smiling, “by asking me another: but indeed, I hardly can tell what I should feel in such a situation. All I know at present is, that I have a thousand apprehensions and terrors—I dread the very thoughts of seeing my mother and my sister.”

“Do not dread any thing, my dear creature,” said he; “put some confidence in me: I will go with you; I will take your part against the whole world.”

Just

Just as he had uttered the last word, Sir James came up to them.

Eudofia pulled her hand from Sir Edward, and ran to her father.—Sir Edward followed, saying, “Do you not give me this dear angel, Sir?”

“Freely, most willingly;” said Sir James, putting her hand in his.

“There, my Eudofia, won’t you now lay aside your reserve? won’t you now let me know what place I hold in your heart?”

“It is all in your possession,” answered she, blushing: “and pray do not be offended with me, for having waited till my father permitted me to say so.”

Sir Edward clasped her in his arms, kissed her glowing cheeks, and thanked Sir James a thousand times for the invaluable present he had made him; while Eudofia’s bosom was violently agitated by the transports which she felt.—Sir James participated of their mutual satisfaction; but like his daughter had no inclination to talk with my lady and Caroline upon the subject.

Eudofia

Eudofia would have left Sir Edward, in order to return to her own room; but he stopped her.—“No, my dear Doffy,” said he, putting her arm through his, “nothing shall separate us again; we will go in together, and share the same fate.” They loitered, however, behind, and fain would have had Sir James stand the first onset; but he could not prevail on himself to encounter her ladyship alone: he therefore entered the breakfast parlour but just before them.

“Where is that girl Doffy,” said Lady Grey: “I can’t find her any where; she is not in her own room; but if I catch her again I will make her know, that it is the properest place for her; an impertinent little chit, always flirting with the fellows.—In short, Sir James, you will absolutely ruin her.”

“Who I? my lady—I have nothing more to do with her; I have disposed of her to *that* gentleman,” pointing to Sir Edward, who that moment came into the
room

room with Eudofia, trying to disengage her arm from his.

My lady overwhelmed with astonishment and fury, cried, "What can you mean, Sir James, by talking in this manner? Is not Sir Edward engaged to Caroline? Do you intend to give both your daughters to *one* man?"

"No madam, he will only marry Eudofia."

"Marry her! h——ns!" cried Lady Grey, "are you out of your senses, Sir? why he has made proposals to Caroline; you know he has; you approved of them: the writings are actually drawing."

"They are so, my lady," said Sir Edward, willing to relieve Sir James, who would, he feared, be overpowered by her for want of spirit to contend with her; "but the same settlement which I intended for Miss Grey will do for Miss Eudofia, since she has condescended to honour me with the acceptance of it."

"But

“ But she shall not accept of it,” replied my lady in a rage; “ I will not stand by and see Caroline so affronted, so distressed indeed: my poor dear child— (turning to her.)

Caroline, after having discovered the strongest signs of anger and envy in her countenance, which was alternately high coloured and extremely pale, sunk down in her chair in a fit; in a *pretended* fit, for she was really too much agitated by her torturing emotions to lose her senses.—Her mother, however, lamented bitterly over her; and heavily accused the two gentlemen of having killed her dear child, her only daughter, as Dossy could never any more have the slightest pretensions to her affections and regard, being the most artful of all hypocrites.

While she continued raving in this manner, and calling for help, Miss Grey, to whose assistance Eudofia had hastened, thought proper to recover.—Pushing away her sister from her, she desired her to stand off,

off, and never to come near her again, as she alone was the cause of all her sorrow and disappointment.—“Not that I value the loss of so worthless a man,” continued she; “but the affront he has offered to me is not to be endured; and to see my father and sister join to insult me is dreadful indeed.”

Here she burst into such a blubbering, and wept and sobbed to such a degree, that her mother was frightened; Sir James was almost staggered by her convulsed carriage, and the gentle Eudofia was moved by it; Sir Edward too was moved, but in a different way: he could hardly keep his face decently composed.

When she began to come a little to herself, Sir Edward thought some apology for his conduct necessary.—Being desirous of having my lady satisfied with his reasons for transferring his affections from one daughter to the other, he sat down by the weeping Caroline, and addressed her in the following terms:—“When I first saw you,
Miss

Miss Grey, and danced with you, I was charmed with the beauty of your person; and was induced, by the politeness of your behaviour, to imagine that I should be very happy in gaining your heart; but finding, upon a nearer acquaintance, your disposition to be totally different from that which I expected, and entirely unsuitable to my own, I could not possibly think of passing my life with you, and therefore believed that I should act honourably by declining an union, from which no felicity on either side could be.”—

“ You might have broken off your engagement with me,” said Caroline, interrupting him, “ since you are of so fickle a turn, without immediately attaching yourself to my sister.—But I see how it is plainly enough:—Dossy has been sufficiently artful to persuade you to give me up.—Had it not been for *her* monstrous behaviour I might have *now* been happy.”

My lady re-ecchoed Caroline’s last assertion, with a virulence and clamour which

almost

almost confounded, as well as deafened the gentlemen. Sir Edward however, determining to vindicate his gentle Dossy, assured them, that instead of having discovered the least inclination to seduce him from her sister, she had been with the utmost difficulty prevailed on to consent to be his.

“ Could I believe that possible,” said Caroline, sobbing, “ I should think her very much in the right ; for I am sure the man who can be false to one, will be so to another.”

“ You say true,” replied my lady ; “ but right or wrong she shall never have him : I will not suffer you to be insulted by a little insignificant girl, who is nothing at all, compared to *you* : therefore, I say she shall never have him.”

“ I should be very happy madam,” said Sir Edward, “ in having your approbation added to Sir James’s promise, but since I am sure of Miss Eudofia’s hand with his concurrence, I must endeavour to be satisfied with *that*, till I am able to

convince you, madam, by my tenderest and faithfulest attachments to her—(taking Eudofia's hand) that I am not altogether unworthy of her esteem."

"Ay, you may think so," said my lady, "but she never shall be yours for all that—so go up to your room, Miss; go up when I bid you."

"Pr'ythee child," said Sir James, "don't put yourself in a passion for nothing, but let Eudofia stay with us."

"No, Sir James,—'tis not for nothing I assure you—therefore, I say, girl, go to your own room."

"Dear madam," replied Sir Edward, "give me leave to interpose so far as to desire you to let Miss Eudofia breakfast with us."

"I say again, sir, she sha'n't stay here; and as to breakfast, I am sure you have spoiled mine, and I fancy every body's else in the family, and all on account of that impertinent girl."

Eudofia, during this speech, moved to-

wards

wards the door—Sir Edward endeavoured to detain her, but she told him in a whisper, that it would be better to let her go.—“ I will meet you in the garden,” added she.—He consented, but with reluctance, and pressed her hand to his lips just before she quitted the room.

My lady and Miss Grey sneered at each other; but neither their sneers, nor their affected disregard of him, could make him omit the proper civilities to them.

As soon as breakfast was over, Caroline retired, in sorrow, to her apartment, and my lady went to *scold Dossy well*, (according to her own language) for her monstrous assurance.—Dossy, tho’ really concerned at having occasioned so much uneasiness, was too well satisfied with Sir Edward’s tenderness for her, to make herself unhappy about it: the ill-treatment, however, which she had received on *his* account urged him to hasten his marriage, that he might remove her from a house, in which she had

no reason to expect any peace, and to put his own under her management.

While they were in this situation, the sudden illness of Miss Grey, either real or counterfeited, prevented Sir James from agreeing to make Sir Edward completely happy with his Eudofia, so soon as he wished to be: my lady indeed swore she never should have him; but he got Sir James to promise not to pay any regard to her anger. However, as Caroline was said to be dangerously indisposed, Eudofia herself desired that matters might not be hurried.

During this little bustle in Sir James's family, Darnly gained no ground at all with Miss Cranmer: she was still the cold, still the insensible, reserved Hebe: and by her discouraging behaviour made her lover very unhappy, though he had no reason to complain of any thing but the want of that ardor for him, which he felt at the sight of her—She continually withdrew herself from his arms, whenever he attempted the most

modest embrace—She never gave him her hand without a visible reluctance, and whenever he seized it abruptly, drew it back. At first he imputed her shyness to a natural reserve, and to the privacy of her way of life, but his repeated endearments made so little impressions upon her that he began to think she was either of a remarkable cold constitution, or else had a particular aversion to *him*—Of every method which love suggested did he avail himself, in order to warm her bosom with passion equal to that which glowed in *his* breast, but to no purpose—When he held her hand in his, when he for hours hung over enraptured, and gazed upon her with ecstatic emotion, not to be described, she seemed rather confused than pleased, and turning from him abashed, strove to fix her attention upon something else.

Sitting by her one day upon a pleasant bench in the garden, he tied up some flowers which he had just been gathering, into a nosegay, placed them in her stoma-

cher, as he knew she was very fond of them, and looking on her in the tenderest manner, told her, in the true spirit of gallantry, how superior *her* beauties were to those which her nosegay displayed. "Your forehead," continued he "is whiter than the whitest lilly, your cheek out-blushes the most blooming rose, and you are infinitely sweeter than the most fragrant flowers, tho' the odour are heightened by their being so happily situated."—Stooping to smell them—putting back his head with her hand,—tho' there was really no indelicacy nor impropriety in *his* behaviour, as they were circumstanced, she said in a louder strain than usual, "You come too near Mr. Darnly."

"Not now, my dearest, I hope," replied he, taking her hand softly to make his peace with her, "May I not, so near the completion of my happiness, expect a few indulgencies? I will not ask any thing which my Hebe ought to refuse—but surely, my angel, a tender kiss now and
then

then may be allowed me—I had indeed flattered myself,” added he with a sigh, “that my charming Miss Cranmer would have received my endearments with pleasure,—never did I expect to be repulsed on their being not improperly offered.”

“I beg the favour of you, sir,” said she gravely, “not to take such freedoms with me.”

She then rose and walked to the house.

In this manner she always behaved whenever he seemed to expect the slightest proof of her tenderness.——He sometimes therefore imagined, that Lord Haverford’s first refusal had disgusted her; but then, the admiration he expressed after he had seen her, made him believe he was mistaken.—Lord Haverford indeed was so far of his son’s opinion, as to think her a very lovely girl; but as he could not bring himself to relish an alliance with *such obscure people*, he employed a friend, (who upon his mentioning his son’s intended marriage, said, he was acquainted with him) to inform Mr.

Cranmer, (Hebe's uncle) of his niece's going to be so well married, and to express his surprise that he had never taken any notice of so fine a girl, who was so nearly related to him.

Mr. Cranmer, who had been, from his brother's first disoblighing his father, by marrying Hebe's mother, always set against her by his whole family, replied, "I know nothing of the girl, not I, because I vowed to have no sort of connection with the mother, but if I can see the one without the other, I have nothing to say against it."

"Why then," said Mr. Myers, who had undertaken to conduct this business, "don't you send for her to your house? an alliance with Lord Haverford ought to be esteemed an honour to your family, and his Lordship would certainly be more willing to receive a daughter from a man of your fortune and appearance, than from a mother who lives in an obscure way, and cannot appear by any means suitably to her daughter's future rank in life."

Mr.

THE FAVOURITE. 153

Mr. Cranmer being one of those men who look upon the satisfaction arising from riches and honour, as the greatest in this world, the only one to be valued, listened to Mr. Myers's proposal, and said he would think about it; but on no account whatever would he see his brother's widow: and as Lord Haverford made the reconciliation between *them* no part of his friend's commission he did not insist upon it.

Mrs. Cranmer, who was entirely ignorant of the transactions relating to her daughter, but who was inexpressibly delighted with the thoughts of seeing her well disposed of before she died, only wished that Hebe had discovered more pleasure on her approaching good fortune; yet as Mr Darnly was an unexceptionable character, she still hoped to see her look on him with more favourable eyes, and strove by a number of little chearful schemes for their mutual amusement, to render them as pleased with each other, as she longed to behold

H 5

them..

them. With this view, she always seized every opportunity to praise Darnly to her daughter, to enhance the value of all his little pieces of gallantry, and each mark of tenderness which he discovered for her; endeavouring by such a conduct to make Hebe own that she was charmed with his affiduities; but in vain.—Yet Miss Cranmer did not once accuse her lover of any omission to render himself agreeable,—nor indeed did she find the least fault with him,—she never dropped the slightest expression against him, never appeared dissatisfied with his behaviour, but when he attempted to snatch a few ardent kisses,—neither did she to Eudofia make any complaint about him: she only said to her one day, with a faint smile, after having been informed by her of what had passed between her and Sir Edward Fawthorp, “you are happy my dear Eudofia, in going to be married to the man whom you would have chosen from all the world.”

Mrs. Cranmer, who sat by, immediately replied,

replied, "are *you* not my dear going to be happy in the same way?"

"I say nothing of Mr. Darnly, madam," answered she very gravely, "but I wish not to be married at all."

Mrs. Cranmer seemed to be exceedingly concerned at this reply.—Eudofia who was all vivacity, cried with a lively air, "well, my dear Hebe, had you ever seen Sir Edward Fawthorp, I dare believe you would not have been so indifferent."——

"I am glad then she never *has* seen him," said Mrs Cranmer, for as he has fixed upon *you*, the interview would have been very unfortunate for my poor girl."

"Say rather for me, madam, cried Eudofia, smiling; for had he once seen Miss Cranmer, he never would have bestowed a thought on me——nay I even tremble this moment, to think of his becoming acquainted with her."

"Fie Eudofia," said Hebe, with a sweet smile, "do yourself more justice, I beseech

156 THE FAVOURITE.

you, or I shall be ashamed to meet Sir Edward."

The day after this little dialogue being Sunday, Mrs. Cranmer and Miss went as usual to Church,—the rector as they were strangers, and made a genteel appearance, had always complimented them with a place in his pew.—They had not been long seated when a gentleman came up the aisle, and was immediately admitted into the same pew: Mrs. Dawson the Rector's wife, to whom he seemed not to be unknown, treated him with great respect, calling him my Lord whenever he spoke to her before the service began.—He behaved with the utmost politeness to Mrs. Dawson, but Hebe chiefly employed his attention: he looked at her as if he had never seen beauty before, yet he looked at her with the greatest respect;—he was awestruck, he beheld her with veneration—In the same manner was he effected by Mrs. Cranmer's appearance, who, by the affectionate glances she directed to Hebe
every

every now and then, evidently belonged to her: nor could Hebe see the polite stranger without feeling some emotions in his favour, as he was in *her* eyes the *most amiable man* she had ever seen:—he was indeed extremely handsome, without being in the least effeminate:—there was a great deal of the Adonis, but nothing of the Coxcomb in him; he had a very elegant set of features, very genteelly ranged, and his dark eyes were strongly expressive of the most delicate sensibility;—his hair was remarkably fine, and his mouth, whenever he smiled was charming beyond all description:—with this enchanting countenance he had a commanding dignity in his air, which at once pronounced him to be a man of the first fashion.

As soon as the service was over, Mrs. Cranmer having her reasons for so doing, walked out of the church, directly followed by her daughter, who left the pew with a sort of reluctance which she had never felt before; and which she could not possibly

sibly account for.—She followed her mother slowly, and with downcast eyes,—prompted to turn her head as she heard the sound of feet behind her, she was disappointed, for she saw nobody but the clerk; she sighed, and endeavoured to quicken her steps after her mother, who she found wished very much by her hurrying to be at home.

When they reached the cottage, Mrs. Cranmer kindly asked her daughter, as she had never observed her quite so thoughtful, and as she had not opened her lips during their walk; if she was not well.—

“I am exceedingly low spirited, madam,” replied she, and went up into her own apartment.

Lord Frampton, (the gentleman who had sat with them at church, no sooner saw the ladies out of hearing, than he asked Mrs. Dawson who they were; adding that he had never seen so lovely a creature as the youngest of them.

“She

“ She is indeed, said Mrs. Dawson, extremely handsome, and not only so, but a very good young lady—she is the most dutiful and affectionate of daughters to the best and fondest of mothers, Mrs. Cranmer; and Miss Hebe is soon to be married to Mr. Darnly, Lord Haverford’s son.”

Lord Frampton who had only waited for her name in order to follow her, on hearing that she was engaged, stopped, and looked disconcerted:—after a pause, he asked Mrs. Dawson how long she had been engaged, and whether Mr. Darnly was agreeable enough to expect a return of love from such an amiable girl.

“ He is reckoned very handsome, replied she, and is extravagantly fond of Miss Cranmer.”

“ No wonder,” said he softly to himself; and took his leave directly, but instead of following Mrs. Cranmer, went home.

Lord Frampton had not been for above a year in that part of the country; but as a distant relation whom he visited there,
had

had died, and left him his estate, he was come to stay a few weeks, to give instructions about it.—On this occasion commenced his acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, to whom he always behaved very genteelly.

After dinner, Mrs. and Miss Cranmer went again to church, with their customary punctuality, but no Lord Frampton appeared.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. Darnly came as usual,—he flew with particular eagerness to Hebe, and told her that he had heard her uncle intended to send for her, and to acknowledge her for his niece; adding, “Now don’t I give you a great deal of pleasure by this intelligence?”

She replied with a spirit that charmed him, “I have never done any thing, Sir, which ought to make my uncle unwilling to own me, and I *must* be his niece whether he chuses to acknowledge me or not; but I confess I shall with the greatest reluctance
separate

THE FAVOURITE. 161

separate myself from a mother to whom I am under infinite obligations, for having educated me with so much care, and for having ever discovered so sincere an affection for me; to quit her for relations who have entirely neglected me."

Mrs Cranmer, here interposing, said, "you must leave me my dear, whenever you marry, and the kindness of your dear father's brother, particularly at this juncture, will considerably alleviate the uneasiness I shall feel on parting with you for a few days."

Hebe made no answer.—Darnly strove, by every tender attention, to convince her of the warmth of his attachment to her, and to assure her that he would, by studying to give her pleasure in every shape, endeavour to make her amends for the want of consideration in those who might not pay a proper regard to her from being ignorant of her merit.—

As she bowed her head in answer of this compliment, her face came so near his, while

while he was hanging over her, that he snatched a kiss before she was aware of his design.

Rising immediately, she said, with an angry look, "I must sit at a distance, I find."

Poor Darnly, who would have given his life for such another rapturous moment, looked exceedingly hurt by her sharp reproof, and following her to the window, to which she had removed, intreated her to forgive him, in the most submissive terms, and to permit him to sit by her.—

She instantly withdrew her hand, which he had taken in his, nor could he for a considerable time, bring her to make it up with him: even Mrs. Cranmer, who was present, thought her daughter too severe, and proposed a walk in the garden, to give him an opportunity of speaking to her by herself, and of forwarding a reconciliation, which might overpay him for all that he had endured from her unkindness.—He could not, however, obtain the moment he
sighed

sighed for,—she avoided him as much as possible, and though he gathered her the most elegant flowers the garden afforded, flowers which he knew she particularly liked, yet he could not prevail on her to adorn her bosom with the nosegay which he had formed for her:—again and again, did he earnestly entreat her to pardon a fault which proceeded from love alone;—only to give him her dear hand; only to permit him to touch it with his lips:—to no purpose.—He was obliged to leave her without gaining his request: though she always behaved to him with great politeness, whenever he visited her, or whenever she walked with him, accompanied by Mrs Cranmer, in an evening, in the wood where he had first seen her, which belonged to Lord Frampton's estate.

One evening, while they were all three sitting upon the trunk of a large oak, in a part of the wood which opened to a most delicious view, Darnly told Hebe, that he wished she would exercise her pencil a little,

tle, adding, that he was sure she could make an elegant drawing upon the spot.

Glad of an opportunity to fix her attention on any thing, rather than on herself, she took her pencil, desired him to cut it, and began to fold a piece of paper upon her pocket-book.

While they were so employed, they thought they heard a rustling among the leaves.—Soon afterwards they saw, through the trees, a gentleman cross the walk they were in, and strike into another, at a great distance from them. He was out of their hearing, but not out of their sight: they observed him walking backwards and forwards, with folded arms, and with a very melancholy air.

Darnly having perceived him first, desired Hebe to take him into the view;—“an unfortunate lover, said he, will make a good figure in your foreground.”

She smiled, and asked him, how he knew that the object before them was either in love, or unfortunately so: as he was not near enough to discover who he was.

“My

“ My conjectures,” said he, “ are occasioned by his folded arms, downcast eyes, and hasty steps ;—and from my own sufferings as a lover, my dear Hebe, I will venture to lay any wager, that I am not mistaken.

Hardly had he done speaking, before the person of whom they had been speaking, came round.

The moment he saw them, he started; bowed respectfully to Mrs. and Miss Cranmer, and passed them precipitately, without either looking back, or returning.

Hebe’s face was in a glow like crimson; when Darnly cried, “ Lord Framp-ton.”

Come then, said Mrs Cranmer, who had made her silent observations, let us move from hence: it will be better to take this view, when his Lordship is not down.”

Darnly subscribed to her proposal, without enquiring into her reasons; and Miss Cranmer put up her pocket-book, with emotions which were not undiscerned by
her

her mother, but which her lover totally overlooked.

While Darnly was endeavouring to make himself Master of Hebe's heart, her friend Eudofia had by her amiable simplicity, unaffected tenderness, and innocent vivacity, so gained upon Sir Edward, so improved the inclination he felt on his first acquaintance with her, that he almost grew wild, to find his marriage delayed by Miss Gray's illness; my lady declaring she never would suffer Dossy to be married, especially to Sir Edward, before her sister: and Sir James had not courage enough to take a spirited step upon the occasion; tho' Sir Edward scarce let him have a moment's quiet, and often vowed to run away with his Dossy, if he would not consent to his being married in a very short time.

Sir James, supposing him only in a rallying humour, told him one day, that he had given his consent over and over; and added, "you will give me more pleasure
by

by actually carrying the girl off, than by obliging me to make a family quarrel about her."

"Do you hear, Dossy, said Sir Edward, who sat leaning over her with his hand upon her shoulder: "Your father agrees to our marriage directly, I will hire a post-chaise, to carry you to Scotland, tomorrow."

"No, indeed, I can't go with you," replied she, laughing.

"There,——she refuses me;——cruel girl!——well then, I find I must leave the Park without you; how shall you like *that?*" rising, and looking very seriously.——

"But you are not in earnest, are you?" said she, following him, innocently smiling, yet ready to burst into tears.——

Drawing back by degrees, he assured her, that as he could not possibly hope for my lady's consent while Caroline was single, and as he could not expect to see any man venture upon her, and as he was not able to live any longer

longer in a state of uncertainty, he had determined to give her up

Sir Edward having perceived the immediate effects which his railery had on her, only spoke in this manner to try her, and to carry on his design, threw as much indifference as he could into his countenance.—Sir James during the utterance of his speech, walked to another part of the garden.

Eudofia was at last extremely alarmed: and began to have a thousand fears, lest *she* also should be deserted by him.—She attempted to sit down, but missed her step, and would have fallen, had not Sir Edward, hastening to her assistance, caught her in his arms.

“My dearest Dossy, said he, pressing her to his bosom, “what’s the matter?”

“Are not you angry,” replied she, with a faltering voice, and a look which would have melted the most obdurate heart:—it melted Sir Edward’s.—

“Angry,

“Angry, my dear angel? *can* I be angry with *thee*? sit down, (pulling her into his lap,) compose your fluttered spirits, and promise not to let any idle coyness deprive me of my felicity. Your father has consented to our marriage, Dossy; can you then refuse me? can you see me languish for you in vain, only because your mother and sister, are weak enough to desire to hinder you from being married?—Tell me, Dossy, is this a reasonable behaviour?”

“N—o,” replied she, at last, with a deep sigh,—“I would not make you unhappy for the world,—but—”

“But what? my sweet, thoughtful girl? what disturbs you? Open your whole heart to me; acquaint me with all your fears, all your apprehensions;”—pressing her hand, and smiling tenderly on her.

“Will it not be unkind in my mother, said she, to refuse to be with me at a time when every young person wishes for a friend?”

“Am not I your friend, my dear Eudo-

fia?—shall you not, think you, be both safe and happy under my protection?"

"Yes,—but still, Sir Edward," cried she blushing,—“I could wish that——”

“I see your charming delicacy, my sweet girl,—I doat on you for it,—it renders you still more amiable in my eyes: but yet you must not carry it too far.—While you are authorized by your father.”—

Sir James at this instant appeared, and Sir Edward pressed the affair so home to him, that he promised to exert himself, and to oblige my lady, if possible, to make the necessary preparations on *her* side, for Eudisia's marriage.

With these laudable intentions, he repaired to her ladyship's dressing-room.

He found Caroline there, with a colour like a rose, and with every sign of health, acting the sick person.

On his entrance, she feigned herself much worse, than he had been told she was: sighed, held her head, and leaned
back

back in her chair. Sir James, however, who came,—as he thought,—determined to act like a man of spirit, and master of his family only said, coolly to her, to Caroline, “I am glad to see you up, my dear.”

“Ay; but she is much fitter to be in her bed, I am sure;” said my lady, “and all along with that vile Sir Edward.—”

“O—it was about *him* that I came to speak with you, child,” replied Sir James, interrupting her.

“Well—I hope he is willing to do my poor Caroline justice”, answered she eagerly.

“Pooh, pooh, my Lady, let us have no more of that :—He is in a hurry to marry Dossy, and I, therefore, desire you will prepare every thing proper for her, that the ceremony may be performed in a few days at farthest.”

Here a deep groan from Miss Grey, added to the fury which sparkled in my lady’s eyes, on the delivery of so *horrid* a request,

made him tremble.—He retreated towards the door.—

“Monstrous assurance,” cried she, stopping him; “do you think Sir James, that I will suffer Caroline to be insulted with her sister’s marriage? how often have I told you that Sir Edward never shall have *my* consent, and therefore he may take himself away as soon as he pleases, for he shall have no daughter of mine.”

“I dare lay a good sum though,” replied Sir James, “that if he would make it all up with Caroline again, she would jump at him.—”

“I am sorry, Sir,” replied the languid lady, lifting up her head, “to find that you have so wretched an opinion of me; but I assure you, that you are mistaken:—I am not so forward,—not in the least like Doffy, I assure you, sir.”

“I am sorry for it, child, (said he,) had you happened to be like *her*, you would not have lost your lover.”

“And do you upbraid her, do you load
her

THE FAVOURITE. 173

her with reproaches, because that fellow has behaved like a rogue, and a villain? is this acting as a father should act? But I would have you to know, Sir James, that my Caroline has more pride than to take up with a man who has so grossly affronted her, who has used her so ill.”—

“ Ay, it is her pride which has occasioned all this distress, and her pride will certainly ruin her:—She has, by giving herself so many ridiculous airs, lost Sir Edward; and she will, I dare believe, by the same airs deter every man, who comes in her way, from venturing to have any connections with her.—And now, because Sir Edward found out her ill humours in time, and declared off, must he be called a villain for his prudence?—he would have been a villain indeed, if he had married her, and used her ill afterwards: for my own part, I think he has acted like an honest man: few young fellows should have behaved with so much honour.”

“ Can you possibly defend a man for his

inconstancy, and a desire to change, tho' for the worse!—fie, Sir James, you don't know what you say,—a man of honour would have scorned to act in so shuffling and scandalous a manner.”

“ Very well, my lady; I say still, that when a man on a nearer acquaintance with the woman to whom he has made his addresses, finds her every way unsuitable to him, he does right to get rid of her as fast as he can.”

“ Very fine, Sir James, very pretty doctrine indeed, for a married man, for a father of grown-up daughters, to—I suppose you would get rid of *me*, if you could.”—

“ Most willingly,” said he, in a whisper, to himself.—“ You mistake the case, child: (aloud)—I mentioned nothing about a married man's leaving his wife. I only meant to say, that people who are not suitable to each other, in every respect, had better not come together:—If Caroline behaves herself well, and if you will but have a little patience, she will go off, by and by.—

by.—Therefore, since Eudofia has been fortunate enough to please Sir Edward, do not strive to hinder their union my lady, but rather rejoice that it is in your power to dispose of *one* daughter so well: You have forgot the fuss you were in on the day I first met with Mrs. Cranmer for fear neither of them should be married at all.”

“ Ay, and it is all owing to your bringing that little chitty-faced girl in the way of Darnly, that he didn’t take a fancy to Caroline, who would have been Lady Haverford, perhaps, by this time; and then you might have married Dossy to your Sir Edward, since you are so fond of him: I suppose your daughter, by keeping company with that forward young flirt, has learnt to wheedle Sir Edward from her sister; but I say again she shan’t have him: when I am determined to carry my point, the whole earth can’t shake me; therefore the sooner you desire Sir Edward to leave the house, the better.—”

“ And I am determined,” replied Sir
 I 4 James,

James, "that he shall not leave it till I have seen him married to Eudofia, I, therefore, insist upon your getting your cloaths ready as fast as possible."

"Upon my word," answered my lady, reddening, "I *do* love your *insisting*; I shou'dn't have thought of your using such a word as that to me indeed! — but you talk to so little purpose, that I really think it best to take no other notice of it, than to treat you with the contempt you deserve: tho', let me tell you, Sir James, I shall not put up with such treatment; and if Sir Edward won't keep his word with Caroline, there are methods to make him; and if there is any justice in the land my poor injured child shall have it: She shall be Lady Fawthorp, Sir, in spite of *you* and this vile man, who has seduced her affections, and now leaves her for her youngest sister, a girl no more to be mentioned with *her*" —

"I shan't enter into a dispute with you, child," replied Sir James, interrupting her, as he began to grow weary of the contest,
 "about

“ about the different merits of our daughters: but there is one observation I must beg leave to make:—’Tis mighty odd, my lady, that you ever thought Sir Edward worthy of Caroline, as you have declared him to be a villain.—If he really deserves that epithet, she should I think have too much spirit to accept of him.”

“ And so I have indeed, Sir,” said Miss Grey, with a voice, and in a manner, which would have convinced any body that she was in the most perfect health, “ were he to throw himself this moment at my feet,—I am too *proud*—as you were pleased to call me, to accept of my sister’s leavings.—No,—my pleasure will be to make him kneel for my pardon, and then spurn him from me with the greatest disdain.”

“ And dost thou ever hope to get a husband by the exertion of this fine spirit, my dear?” said Sir James, with an ironical laugh.—“ Yes indeed;” I don’t despair.”—

“ Why not, why not,” cried they both at

once, following Sir James quite to the stair-case, on his running out of the room lifting up his eyes and hands, absolutely overpowered by their vociferation, and ready to give up every point for the sake of peace.

Eudofia who was sitting in the parlour, singing to Sir Edward at his desire, hearing all at once such an outcry, stopped and looked alarmed.

“What’s the matter, my dear Eudofia?”

“Don’t you hear a great noise? said she.
—“I tremble for my poor father: do let me go and see what they are about.”—
(Sir Edward having her hand in his.)

“Indeed but I will not, for I am sure you will have no quarter among them.—
Sir James is coming down, we shall *then* hear all.”

On his entering the parlour Sir Edward ran to him—“You have been in a warm engagement, Sir—I hope you are come off safe.”—

“Pretty

“ Pretty well, pretty well, but not with much honour;—I can’t make my lady hear reason:—She even talks of obliging you, Sir Edward, to keep your promise to Caroline: but she only talks! she forgets that she is married. I have suffered her to have her own way so long, that I am become of not the least consequence in my own house; but don’t be uneasy, Dossy: I will give you a sum sufficient to defray your expences for cloaths, &c. &c.—Order them yourself, and if you are puzzled what to chuse, consult this gentleman, as *he* is the person whom you are to please for the future.—I think my dear child, I need not bid you beware of your mother’s foibles,—she exposes herself enough to make any woman of common sense with a tolerable temper, dread the rendering herself so ridiculous.”

“ Excuse my poor dear mother,” said the gentle Eudisia: “ her great affection for my sister, who was her first child, and who is thought to be very like her in her person,

naturally makes her warm, when she is apprehensive of Caroline's being injured."

"Excellent creature!" said Sir Edward, looking at her with eyes which strongly discovered his esteem as well as his tenderness; and then looking at Sir James, "You cannot but be happy, Sir, (continued he) while you have such a daughter.— Make as good a wife my dear Eudofia,— (turning to her) as you are a child, and I shall be the happiest of men."——

"And I shall be the happiest of fathers," added Sir James, giving her hand to Sir Edward, who embraced her in the tenderest manner, and while her cheeks glowed at the praises they bestowed on her, and while her modest behaviour sufficiently convinced them how much she deserved them.

As soon as Sir James had presented her what he intended in bank notes, she asked him whether she should not consult her mother about the disposal of them.

"You may do as you please, my dear,"

said

said he, "but I believe you will only incense her more against you by so doing."

"Most probably I shall, Sir, but I must nevertheless do my duty."—

Accordingly she, in the most submissive terms told my lady that her father had ordered her to prepare cloaths and linen; begging her advice and assistance upon the occasion.

Her dutiful application however was so very ill received that my lady's anger was irritated by it: she called her a thousand credulous fools, and bade her not lay out the money, which her father with his usual wrongheadedness had given her, in a way only to be laughed at:—"Let what will be the consequence of your folly," added she fiercely, "you shall never have Sir Edward."

Eudisia very discreetly made no reply, but left her mother when she had done speaking; that is when she could not articulate for the want of breath. She then asked her father if there would be any impropriety

priety in desiring Mrs. Cranmer to tell her what she should make up for her wedding, as her mother had absolutely refused to declare *her* opinion.—Sir James accompanied her with pleasure to *that* Lady.

Mrs. Cranmer readily promised her all the assistance in her power, but was not quite so chearful as usual, because Hebe's uncle had in a letter invited her to come and stay a few days with him.—Mrs. Cranmer was indeed very glad to see her darling child acknowledged by her father's brother; tho' she had heard, and believed, that the approaching alliance with Mr. Darnly, had occasioned the invitation; but Hebe expressed so much dislike to an uncle, who seemed to avoid taking any notice of a mother, to whom she thought herself under the greatest obligations, for the extreme care she had taken of her from her infancy, and for the tender affection which she had ever discovered for her, that Mrs. Cranmer could not without the utmost difficulty prevail on her even for a short time to

THE FAVOURITE. 183

leave her; and Hebe's excessive reluctance as the hour for her departure advanced, considerably lowered her spirits. Mr. Darnly was at this juncture obliged to make a visit to his grand-father, on his mother's side, who had been suddenly taken ill, and expressed no small dissatisfaction at his being necessitated to travel into a distant part of the country, when he gladly would have waited on Miss Cranmer to her uncle's.— But he could not possibly make his *route* agreeable to his inclination. Eudofia, smiling, told Mrs. Cranmer that she would come and supply Hebe's place."

"Do my sweet friend," said Miss Cranmer; "see my mother as often as you can, and make her chearful in my absence."—

"You must not make a very long stay," said Sir James, "for I shall expect you to be present at my Eudofia's marriage, instead of her mother and sister."

In fact, Sir James rather chose to secure Mrs. Cranmer's friendship, who, from her good sense, and her good breeding, and
her

her retired way of life, was, in his opinion, a much properer person than any of his neighbours, who, from their different styles of living, would be more ready to enquire into his family-affairs, and would, perhaps, be impertinently troublesome, with their objections to what did not square with their own ideas.—There are many people who tho' little acquainted with each other, and consequently little authorized to take any liberties, are often extremely offensive with their freedoms, and with their unasked advice.

As Sir James well knew that he should not find an *Impertinent* in Mrs. Cranmer, he resolved to ask *her* to accompany his daughter to church, (if Lady Grey should weakly persist in refusing to attend her) when Miss Cranmer returned from her uncle's.

As Mr. Darnly was to set out in the morning before Mr. Cranmer's post-chaise was to fetch his niece, he came, on the preceding evening to bid her adieu;—vex-
ed

ed at the thoughts of his journey, and chagrined to find that Hebe was ready to part with him without any reluctance, he complained of her indifference, of her cruel insensibility, in the most forcible expressions.—“ You are only sorry to leave your mother,” continued he, in a plaintive tone; “ You feel not the least pity for me, who love you with more than maternal affection, who am distracted to think of being torn from you, and who would give my life to see you as much concerned at *my* absence, as you are on going to be separated from your mother for a few days.”

“ No man, I think,” replied Hebe, “ should complain of a woman, for shewing her love and duty to her parents :—She who behaves as she ought to do, as a daughter, is the most likely to merit the esteem and regard of him who makes her his wife.”

“ My dear Hebe,” cried he, “ what chilling language is this !—If tenderness is due from a daughter to a mother, doubly is it surely due from a wife to a husband. I

now

now look upon you as a wife, and I love you most ardently : but unbeloved by you in return, what happiness can I rationally expect in the marriage-state ;—checked, however, as I am by your present coldness, I will venture to hope”——

“ You accuse me wrongfully, I believe, Mr. Darnly,” said Miss Cranmer, with a smile of indifference : “ I am not conscious of discovering a want of tenderness, nor do I think it necessary to shew any more ;—and I confess I have not the least idea of those torments and distractions, which my absence, you tell me, occasions.”

“ Not for me,” replied he, “ but you seem to feel them at the thoughts of parting with your mother.”

“ I own,” said Hebe, “ I *do* love my mother most affectionately, and I cannot think of leaving her, without feeling the most cutting uneasiness.”——

“ Would to Heaven, said Darnly, you were

were capable of feeling the same disquietude on *my* account."——

"To wish that those whom we pretend to love ardently should suffer any pain for us, is to shew very little regard for them.—If selfishness, therefore, is the characteristic of a lover, I neither desire to be in love, nor to have any connections with those who are, as long as I live."——

"My dear Hebe, you either do not, or will not understand me.—I do not wish you to feel any uneasiness: on the contrary, I would fly to relieve you, and to make you happy; nay, I would freely give up my repose—my life to insure your felicity: but yet at the same time, I would wish to have *that* felicity depend on *me*: I would not have you think of parting with me, tho' but a few hours, without the greatest reluctance.—I would have you sigh, and long to see me again, and be incapable of tasting any pleasure without me."

"Ay," cried she carelessly, "but as I have

have said before, I have no idea of all this; I see you depart without pain, and return without rapture;—I am as well satisfied when you are away, as when you are with me.”—

“Cruel, insensible Hebe!—You never loved then.”—

“No,” answered she, in the same negligent manner: “nor do I believe I ever shall.”—

“I fear not—(sighing)—How hard is my fate; not to be capable of inspiring the most beautiful and amiable creature in the world, and who seems to be possessed of the most tender heart, with a passion equal to my own! Indeed, my Hebe, you are now at a time of life to think of loving somebody besides your mother.”

“Perhaps I am, said she with a smile, but I know nothing at all of the matter.”—

“Should I leave *you*, to follow another girl, would not my desertion hurt you?”

“Not in the least.”

“I am sorry for it.”

“How,

“How, Mr. Darnly? sorry that you cannot make me unhappy?”

“Yes, my dear girl,—surely I may say so, as I can assure you, that it is in *your* power to make me the most miserable of human beings, by encouraging, or even smiling on another man.”

“Bless me! but I may smile on a man with as much innocence, as on a fine woman, on a beautiful child, on my own dear mother, or on any female friend.”

“Yes; but you would not smile on such objects, however innocently, if they did not give you more pleasure than I do: and in that case I should be jealous, consequently wretched.”

“Horrid!—If this is jealousy, I desire to be for ever incapable of feeling so hateful a passion.—But I find Mr. Darnly our ideas of love are widely different: I really, therefore, don’t think you can possibly be satisfied with me: and it is highly probable that I should not be pleased with you, if you are so inclined to be jealous.—

Were

Were I to love with the ardour you talk of, I should instead of wishing to deprive the object beloved of any kind of satisfaction, wish to procure it for him, tho' against my own interest:—nay, my notions about love are so refined, that were the man in whose favour I was strongly prepossessed, to prefer another woman to me, I would not only freely resign him, but assist him in procuring *his* felicity, at the expence of my own.—This is true love, according to my way of thinking, and very different from that passion of which you have been talking so much.”—

“ Did you but feel, my amiable Hebe, *as I feel!*”—

“ Thank heaven, I do not,” said she seriously; I “ should be extremely sorry to endure the many disagreeable sensations you have complained about.”

Darnly sighed, but finding it impossible to make her sensible of the warmth and sincerity of his passion for her, was obliged to leave her immoveably *indifferent*: but he

he left her with a reluctance, with an anxiety, beyond expression.—Twice he took leave of her, and twice he returned, while she, who could not entertain his sentiments, looked amazed at his behaviour. At last he quitted her, tho' much sooner than he would have done, had he not feared to *disgust*, when he so heartily wished to *please*.

The next day, Sir James and Eudofia called again. The former told Mrs. Cranmer, that he hoped soon to accommodate matters without troubling *her*, as he had received some overtures from a friend of Lord Frampton, in regard to his eldest daughter: "If we can but dispose of Caroline," continued he, "or get her but in a way to go off, my lady perhaps, will condescend to hear reason."

Mrs. Cranmer, with a smile of sincere satisfaction, replied,—“I am very glad to hear such information, Sir James, and hope so desirable an alliance will soon take place: the friend of Lord Frampton cannot

not be unworthy of any woman's attention."—Casting down her eyes on Hebe, "What ails you, my dear," continued she; "You look as pale as death."

"Nothing, Madam;—I am very well."

"I am glad of it, my love."—Then turning to Sir James,—*"She is so unhappy at the thoughts of leaving me only for a few days, or a week at farthest!"*—

"What will you do then, Miss Cranmer, when you are married? (said Sir James)—Here is Dossy, tho' she makes me believe she is very fond of me, will be very glad, I dare say, to change *my* house for Sir Edward's."

"Indeed, my dear sir," replied she, blushing, "you cannot conceive how much I shall suffer, in being separated from my kind indulgent father."

"Ah you coaxing girl, you—(tapping her cheek) but there's no harm Dossy, in owning an affection for such a man as Sir Edward; is there Miss Cranmer?"

"I

THE FAVOURITE. 193

“ I have not the honour to know him, Sir James.”—

“ No, madam; but you know Mr. Darnly, who is also a very agreeable man.”

“ I am glad you think so, Sir James ”

“ And you are certainly of my opinion, my good Miss Cranmer, tho’ you do not seem inclined to say so in the same words.”

“ I have heard Sir James, replied Hebe, that if a woman’s relations and friend’s think the man amiable, who is intended for her husband, her sentiments about him are of very little consequence.”

“ If a lady, can make no reasonable objection to the man, of whom her friends and relations approve, *their* opinions, I think, ought to have some weight with her.”

Hebe made no answer: and Mrs. Cranmer saw, with regret, her daughter’s aversion to a man, who appeared to place all his felicity in *her* alone.

On the appointed morning, Mr. Cranmer sent his post-chaise for his niece; but,

her mother would not trust her without Susan, whom she charged to attend her, till she saw her safe lodged; and then to come back, in the best manner she could.

Miss Cranmer departed from her mother, for the first time, with tears:—she was received by her uncle and aunt with more civility than affection. Mr. Cranmer expressed *some* surprise, at the sight of her, never having seen her before, and great pleasure also.—“This girl,” said he to his wife, in a low voice, “is a perfect beauty.”

The lady, whom he had not long married, and who did not chuse to strike sail to any body, received this whispered declaration of her husband's with ineffable contempt; and repeating his words aloud with a disdainful tone, added, “I see no beauty in her.”

Mr. Cranmer, tho' he appeared rather disconcerted at this contradicting answer from his wife, looked on Hebe with good-humour. Mrs. Cranmer treated her sometimes

times with a haughty neglect, and sometimes with an almost insupportable familiarity: she was consequently very desirous of returning to her mother; while her uncle persuaded her to stay, till Mr. Darnly could come, and conduct her home, himself: but she told her uncle, that, as she had never been absent from her mother before, who sensibly felt, she was well assured, her separation from her, she begged he would permit her to make her first visit a short one.

Mr. Cranmer readily complied with her request, to the no small satisfaction of her aunt, who began to find, that Hebe was too handsome to be near her, as every body was immediately struck with the beauty of her person, and charmed with the elegance of her manners: she therefore heard the post-chaise ordered to convey her home, with pleasing emotions, which she was hardly able to conceal; but her aunt had neither the good-nature, nor discretion, to think of a proper person to accom-

pany so fine a young girl, twenty or thirty miles; nor had Hebe, indeed, notice early enough of the time she was to set out, to make her mother acquainted with it, who would certainly have sent somebody, to meet her.

Miss Cranmer, was put into the chaise, by her uncle, who was kind enough, however, to make her a genteel present, in a bank-note, towards purchasing some necessaries upon her approaching marriage.

Hebe was not of a timorous disposition, yet having never been so long a journey alone, she could not soon reconcile herself to the want of a companion; she was only comforted by knowing that she was going back to her dear beloved mother.

When she had rode a few miles tolerably easy, the postboy loitered so long at a public house upon the road, that her patience was quite exhausted.—She was very unwilling to find fault with one of her uncle's servants, but she could not help calling to know the reason of his delay.

He

THE FAVOURITE. 197

He told her, that he only stopped to rest his horses:—he soon afterwards repeated the same excuse, and, in short, got so drunk, that he was almost rendered unable to guide the horses.—She rode, therefore, under his direction, excessively terrified, being in too unfrequented a part of the country to expect to meet many passengers.—

They came at last, to a wide heath, on which the driver turned the horses out of the beaten track; she called to him three or four times, but he paid not the least regard to her cries, and being incapable of holding the reins, the chaise was in a few minutes upset.—The driver was thrown from his horse, and his leg was broke in two places: poor Hebe lay under part of the carriage, quite senseless, having received a violent blow on one side of her head, by the fall.—When they both remained in this condition a good while, a post-chaise and four passed over the heath, not many yards from the unfortunate spot:—The gentleman in the carriage, hearing dread-

ful groans, immediately ordered his servants to stop, got out, and went to the fellow's assistance, who told him a specious tale, entirely suppressing the truth, with regard to himself.—When the gentleman was just going to place him in his carriage, to have him carried to the nearest surgeon, he muttered out something about a young lady.—

“How! have you any person in your chaise, hurt by the overturning of it?”

He then ran to the chaise, without waiting for a reply, and saw the cloaths of a lady, but saw no face till he had removed her, with the assistance of his servants, from the spot on which she lay; nor could he then discover, as it was covered with blood, who she was:—when he had seated her in his own carriage, she raised her head, but sighed instantly, and let it fall upon his bosom, as he had seated himself by her;—at that moment recollecting her, he cried, “Heavens! it is Miss Cranmer whom I have fortunately assisted!—

“But

“But where is your hurt, madam, that I may, this moment, apply every remedy in my power to relieve you?”

Hebe was not yet able to answer him: she lay almost stunned, in the attitude in which he had fixed her, for some time, while he gave directions to his servants to stay with the driver, adding, that he would send people from the next village to take care of him.—He then ordered his own post-boys to go on very gently.

As soon as the horses moved, the motion of the carriage being too violent for her, after the bruises she had received, Hebe started up, and cried, “Where am I?”

Seeing that she was in the arms of a man, she strove to disengage herself; but on his looking at her with the softest compassion in his eyes, and again pressing her gently to his bosom, she just lifted up her head, with a voice hardly audible, faintly articulated——“Lord Frampton!”——and sunk down once more in his arms, as if she thought herself perfectly safe in them.—

She

She was indeed, quite secure in those arms, for Lord Frampton, from the first moment he beheld her at church, thought her the loveliest creature he had ever seen; and her unaffectedly devout behaviour during the service, had made no less impression upon him, than her figure: both together, had such an effect upon him, that he would have immediately endeavoured to make himself agreeable to her, had he not, upon enquiring who she was, of Mrs. Dawson, heard that she was engaged to Mr. Darnly.—He could not, however, help feeling for her a passion, which he had never felt for any other woman.—Shocked, therefore, as he was, to see her in so pitiable a condition, he was also transported to have it in his power to assist her: and he employed himself with so sincere a desire to be serviceable, with such tender assiduity, that Hebe, who had frequently wished Darnly to be such a man, found he had entirely made a conquest of her heart.

THE FAVOURITE. 201

As the motion of the carriage was very painful to her, he bade his servants stop.

"How do you find yourself, madam," said he, with the tenderest accents.

"Extremely ill indeed, my Lord," replied she, again striving to rise from his bosom: "my head is so bad"—

"Let me then, intreat you, not to stir, Miss Cranmer—lean on *me*, while I apply some lavender-water to it: *that*, perhaps, may give you *some* relief."

As she made no objection to his lordship's offer, he wetted a handkerchief, washed away gently the blood and dirt from the afflicted part; and then, with the softest hand, bathed the side of her head;—during which operation, he gazed with rapture on her lovely face, lovely under all the disadvantages arising from the overturning of the chaise.

Opening her eyes at length, and lifting them up, she began to make an apology for the trouble she had occasioned to him, and, at the same time, very gratefully thanked him, for the relief which he had
afforded

afforded her;—but, she was not able to sit upright.

After having bound up her head, in his handkerchief, he ventured, again to press her tenderly to his bosom; and proposed the sending off a servant, to the next village, for a surgeon; but she begged so earnestly to be carried home to her mother, as soon as she was able to bear the motion of the chaise, that he readily complied with her request, ordering the drivers to walk their horses gently.

The night was now far advanced, or rather morning appeared:—'Twas summer, and therefore an agreeable twilight served to render the ride less tedious, than it would otherwise have been, if the hemisphere had been covered with darkness.

Hebe lay, apparently, very quiet, but her mind, was by no means in a tranquil state; Lord Frampton's prepossessing person, and the extreme tenderness of his behaviour, had made so deep an impression upon it, that composure was banished.

His

THE FAVOURITE. 203

His voice, his looks, his touch,—all went to her soul,—she concealed,—but with the greatest difficulty, she concealed her feelings: *his* were no less violent, but he was not under the necessity of suppressing them.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE FAVORITE

"Aye, Sir," cried Turk, almost at the
 same time, "but you, Sir, (addressing) you
 frequently say—" "and he always says—"
 "a man and his dog, do you say to me—"
 "hupac," said my Lord—"Yes, then, I'll
 kick him in the face."



